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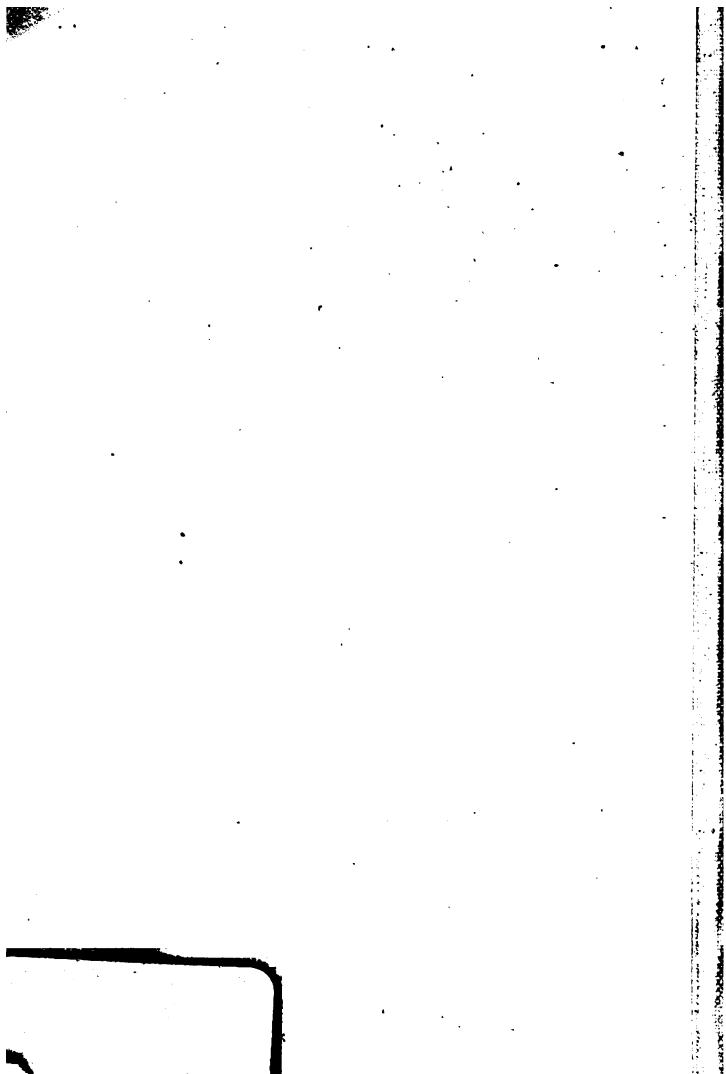
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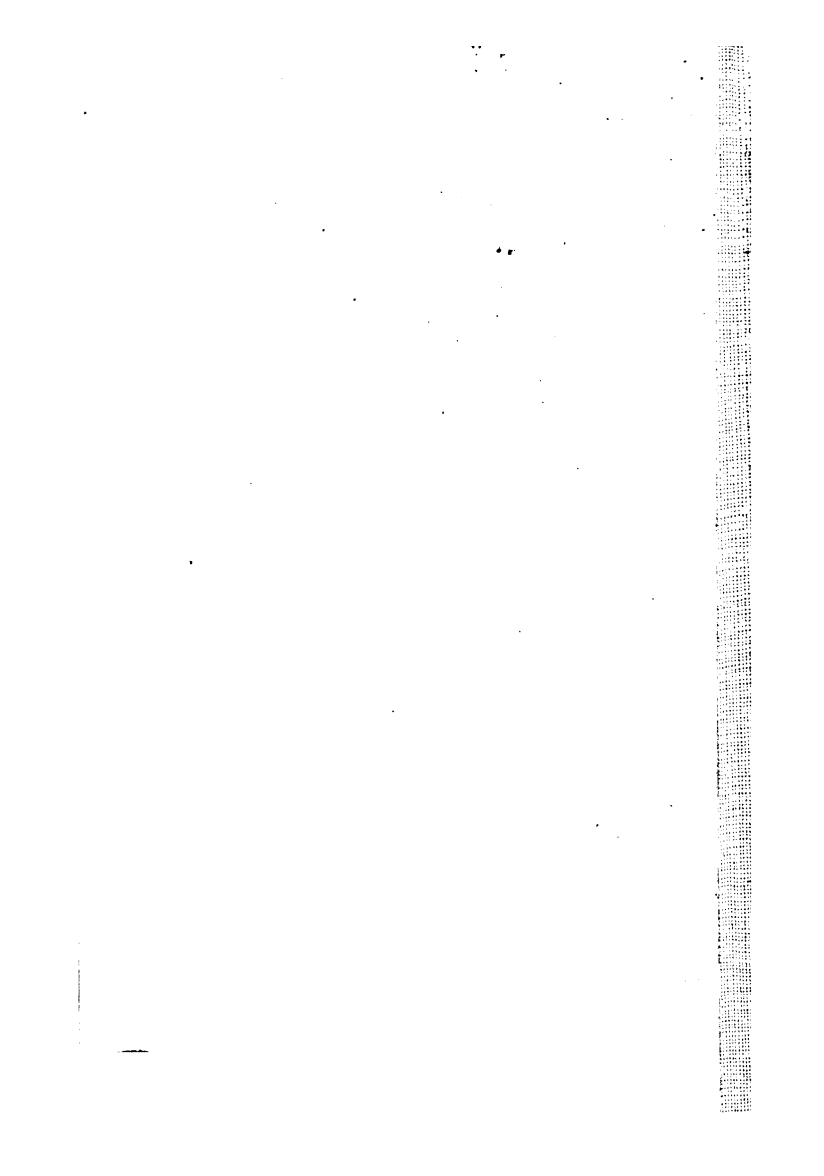
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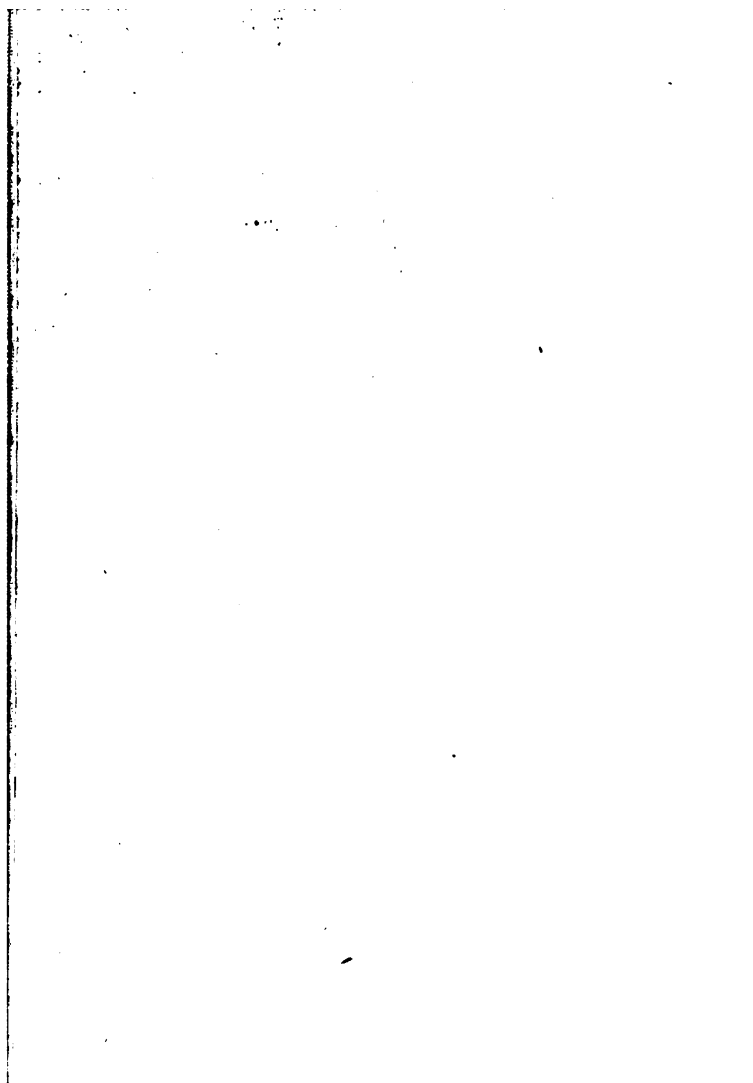
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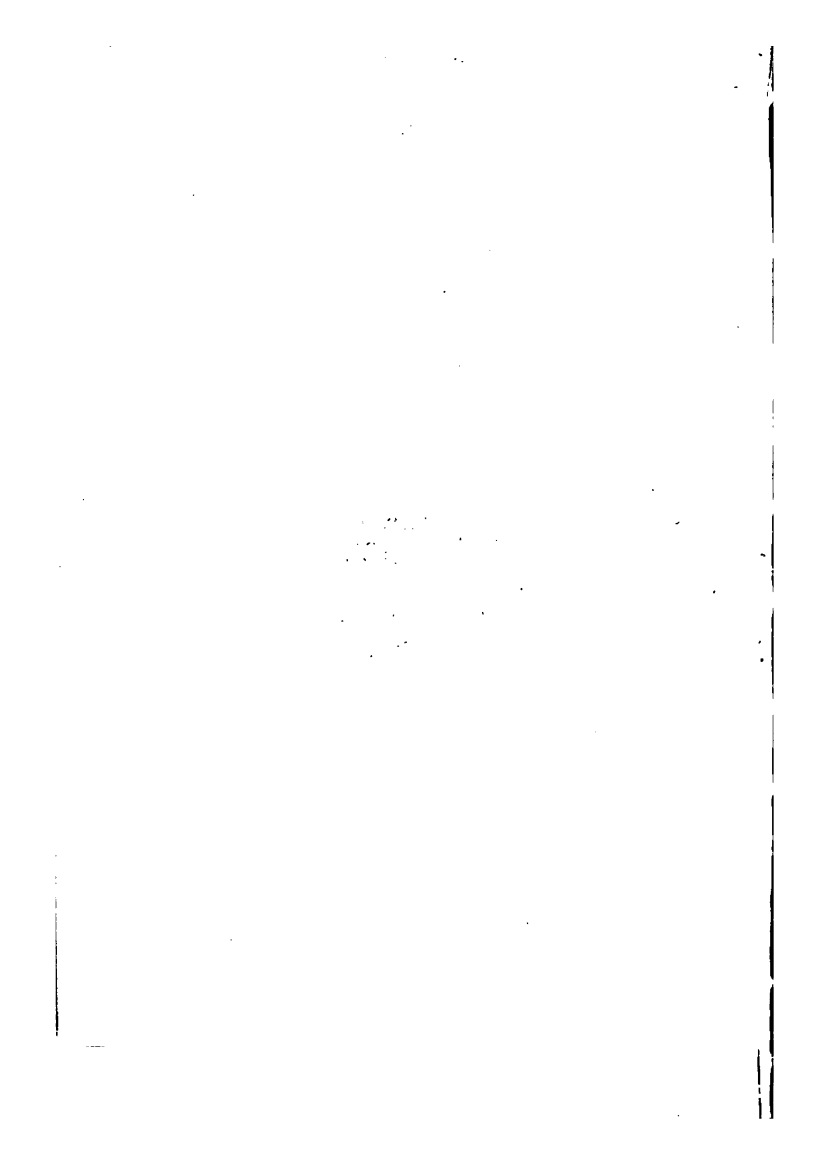


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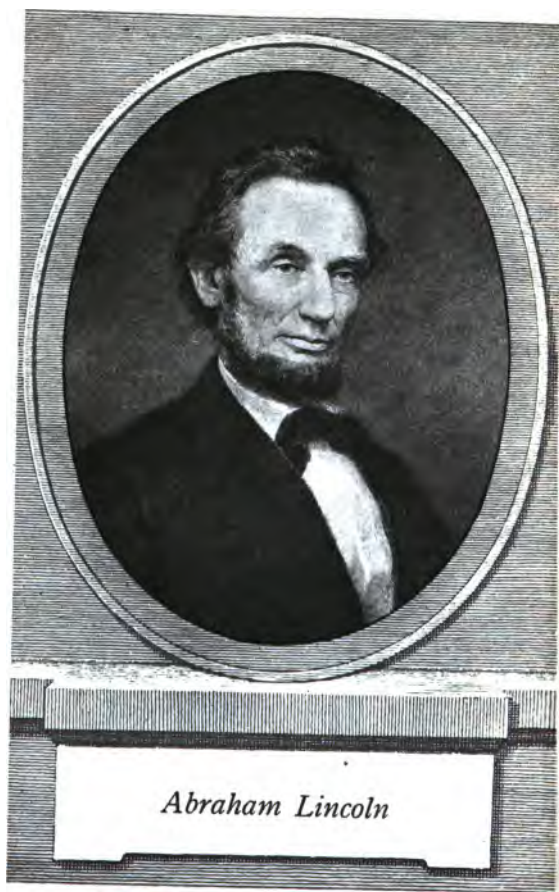


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Volume II

Warriors and Statesmen

DAVID
ALFRED THE GREAT
ROBERT BRUCE
THOMAS JEFFERSON
ALEXANDER HAMILTON
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
JAMES A. GARFIELD
PRINCE KROPOTKIN
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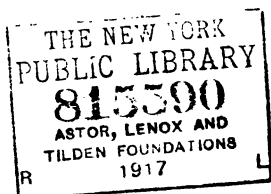


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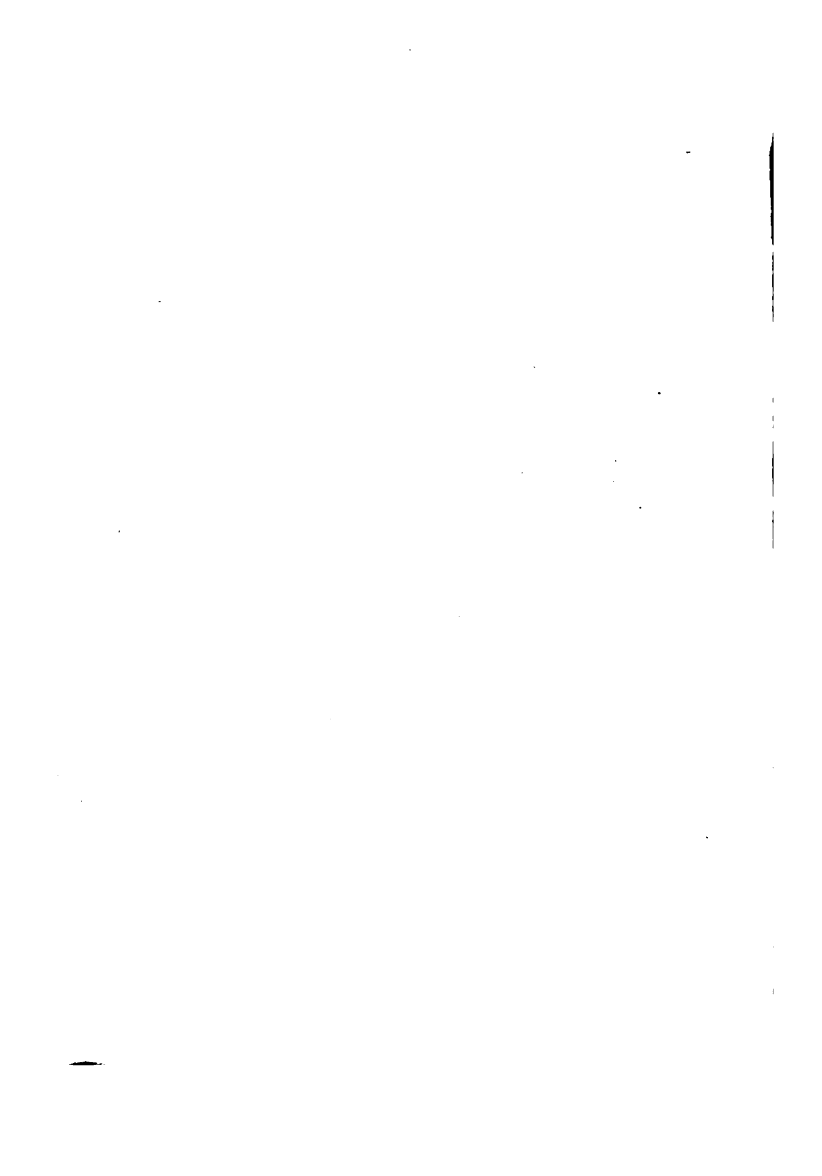
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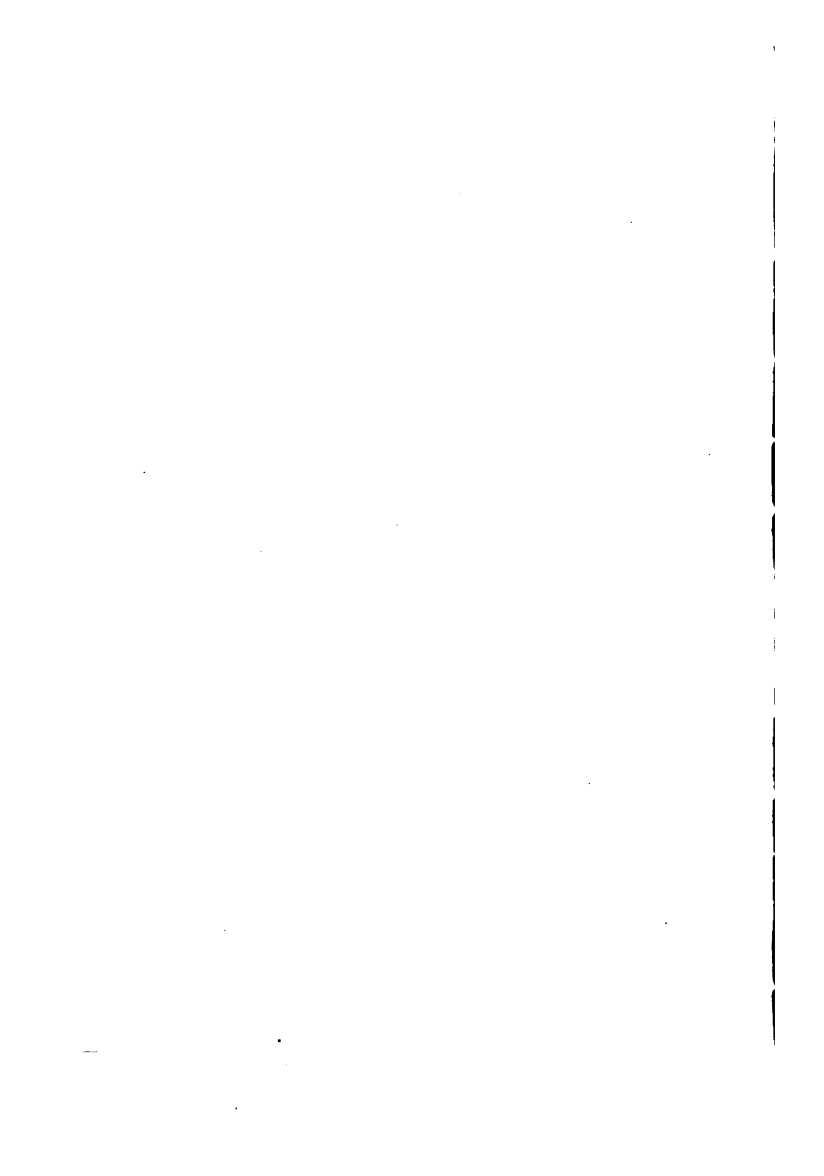


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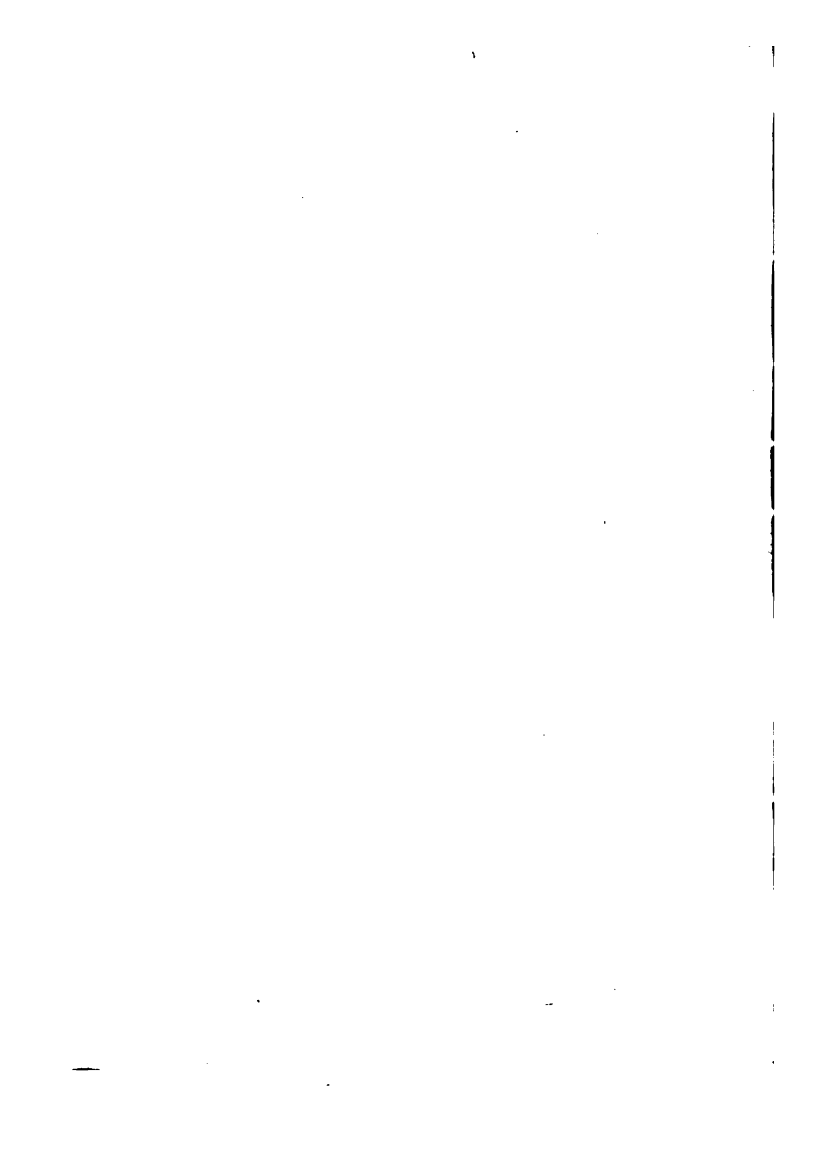
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VOLUME II
WARRIORS AND STATESMEN



DAVID
(1055-1015 B.C.)

DAVID

THE STORY OF DAVID AND GOLIATH

WHEN a tender youth goes forth, alone, to battle with the seasoned warriors of the world, we speak of him as a young David, in memory of the great fight between David and Goliath on the banks of the brook nearly three thousand years ago.

*Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh, which belongeth to Judah, and pitched between Shochoh and Azekah, in Ephesdammim.

And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the

*From the First Book of Samuel, Chapter xvii.

camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.

And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass.

And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders.

And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me.

If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us.

And the Philistines said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together.

When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of that Ephrathite of Bethlehem-judah, whose name was Jesse;

and he had eight sons: and the man went among men for an old man in the days of Saul.

And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle: and the names of his three sons that went to the battle were Eliab the firstborn, and next unto him Abinadab and the third Shammah.

And David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul.

But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren;

And carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the valley of Elah, fighting with the Philistines.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle.

For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array army against army.

And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words; and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up; and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the King will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel.

And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?

And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him.

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, Why camest thou down hither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know

thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.

And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause?

And he turned from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul: and he sent for him.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock:

And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God.

David said moreover, The Lord that delivered

me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he essayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bore the shield went before him.

And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou

comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's and He will give you into our hands.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

And David put his hand to his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out

of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines, until thou comest to the valley, and to the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way to Shaaraim, even unto Gath, and unto Ekron.

And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they spoiled their tents.

And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armour in his tent.

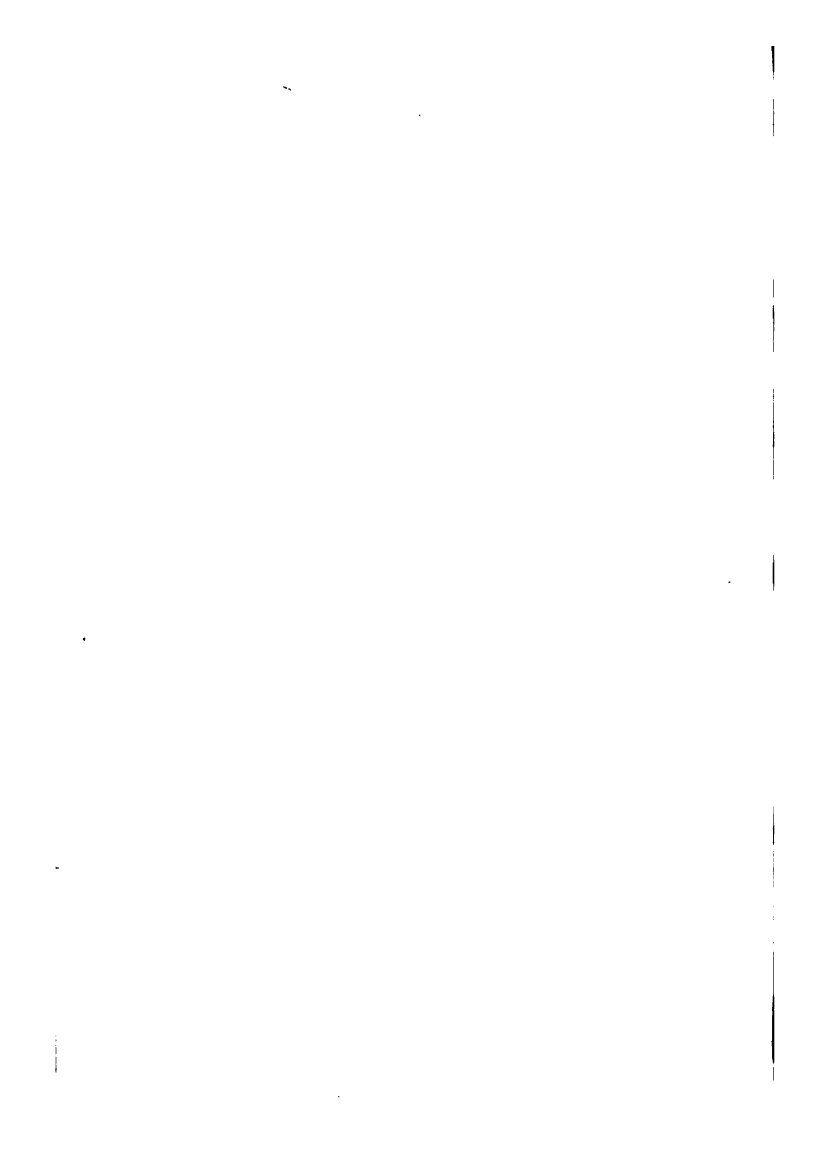
And when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host, Abner, whose son is this youth? And Abner said, As thy soul liveth, O King, I cannot tell.

And the King said, Enquire thou whose son the stripling is.

And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand.

And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite.

ALFRED THE GREAT
(849-901)



ALFRED THE GREAT

THE KING'S HOUR OF TRIAL

WHEN misfortune overtakes us, we sometimes forget that the best and greatest of men have passed through their black hours. In the wrestling and agony of such hours, heroes win the strength which enables them to do great things.

King Alfred, lying hidden from his enemies in the Isle of Athelney, seems a pitiable figure, till we recollect that before long he transformed the defeat of Athelney into the victory of Ethandun.

*To every man there comes a time when the props on which he has leaned fall away from him, and he is left to act as though he were the only man in the world. Friends and companions with whom he has shared his toils and pleasures leave him, called away by death or severing interests. The ambitions which have lured him on prove illusory or disappointing as they fade into the common light of day.

*From "Alfred the West Saxon, King of the English," by Dugald Macfadyen. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Men in whom he had believed and trusted prove faithless. Hopes which made his path radiant go out and leave him, as an Eastern traveller is overtaken by sundown in a desert. The confidence every man cherishes that his life is to be a success is suddenly overborne by the memory of his own failures, and in presence of the spectres of the past the living man becomes bloodless and ready to faint. When a man faces naked destiny in this way, alone, one of two things must follow. He either cowers before it and gives in, or he rises to wrestle with it, and to wrest out of the failures and blunders of the past a triumph for the future. He is compelled to go into himself, to find what elements of strength remain for the struggle, what is the thing deepest and strongest within him, and out of the elements of strength that remain to choose the weapons for his contest. It is then, if ever, that a man breaks through the veil of sense and finds that "spirit with spirit may meet." He finds God. If he comes then to know himself in relation to the Eternal, he issues from the conflict sharer in the victory of the Son of Man over sense and time. Even if, in the external conflict, defeat overtakes him, the great victory is his; he is victor by faith, and his life has attained one of the consummations for which it was given.

This was the kind of experience which sud-

denly overtook Alfred when the Danes stole into Wessex in mid-winter and seized Chippenham. The fact seems to have been as Henry of Huntington describes it: "They spread over the country like locusts, and there being no one able to resist them they took possession of it for themselves." There were no battles, no stormings of towns, no sieges, everywhere the West Saxons were found unprepared, without an army, and when confronted by troops of armed Danes obliged to surrender. Many of them gave up the struggle as hopeless and fled. "Mickle of the folk over sea they drove, and of the others the most deal they rode over: all but King Alfred, he with a little band hardly fared after the woods and on the moor-fastnesses": so the Chronicle tells the tale of disaster. Starvation drove some abroad and others into the hands of the Danes. Only in Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Somerset of all the "folk" in England were a few found faithful to Alfred. As regards the rest of Wessex, it seemed for some months as if it were only a matter of time before the Danes would do with it as they had done with Northumbria and Mercia and East England. They would part the lands among them and "remain ploughing and tilling."

There is no use attempting to minimize the straits in which Alfred now found himself. His

glory does not lie in never having met disaster, but in having faced it and overcome it. The stories which are told about these months when he wandered almost alone in the fastnesses of Somerset give some indication of his own feeling about the period. When he came to look back upon it he recognized that it was not only the military crisis of his struggle with the Danes, but also the spiritual crisis of his own life, and in the legends of ghostly visitants we find reflected his own explicit acknowledgment that he would have given up the struggle had not God stood by him and bidden him be of good cheer. . . .

Some time between January and Easter Alfred found his way to a patch of firm ground in the midst of the marshes formed by the Parret and the Tone. This gave him an easily defended inland fortress, with the same merits for sally and defence as Hereward afterward found in the isle of Ely. Here at Athelney he made his headquarters, at first almost alone, living on the fish and water-fowl of the rivers and such food as his men could forage from the cottars in the neighborhood. Later he was joined there by Ethelnoth the ealdorman of Somerset, and Athelney was fortified to serve as a last retreat.

Long afterward, when sunnier days had come to Alfred and from the secure haven of a settled

kingdom he could look back with a pleasant flush of memory on the days of storm and stress as though they affected some one else, he had many stories to tell of the hard fare and strange adventures of these Athelney days. . . .

The most famous is the story of Alfred's stay in the neat-herd's hut. It comes to us from the life of St. Neot, who was himself Alfred's cousin and contemporary, and whose earliest biography may belong to the tenth century. From the life of St. Neot it has been incorporated by some later editor into Asser's life of Alfred. On one of his scouting or foraging expeditions Alfred came to the hut of a neat-herd who knew who he was. The cottar took the king to his hut, but did not tell his wife whom he had brought. No doubt he was a wearied and toil-worn object when the neat-herd led him in and set him down by his open fire, for midwinter foraging in forest and marsh would soon make it difficult to distinguish a king from a travelling beggar. It was the good wife's baking-day, and a visitor did not improve her temper. But as the stranger sat by the fireside mending his bow and arrows, and she wanted to be busy elsewhere, she bade him mind the cakes and turn them as soon as they were done. When the time came Alfred's mind was full of other things, bows, arrows, Danes, faithless friends, friendly forests, and

hiding-places, and what not besides; and the cakes were soon burning. Perhaps the silence by the fireside suggested mischief to the good wife, at any rate it was soon broken by a strident and contemptuous voice:

“C’asn thee moind the ke-akes, mon, and doosen zee ’em burn,
I’m boun’ thee’s eat ’em vast enough, az zoon az ’tiz the turn.”

So the famous conqueror of the Danes bore a “flyting” from the neat-herd’s wife. . . .

There are two Athelney incidents which come to us from the life of St. Cuthbert in the “Acta Sanctorum.” They are often rejected or omitted because they introduce an element of the supernatural. It is as great a mistake to reject them as it would be to accept them as literal history. . . .

“Now it came to pass on a day that all Alfred’s folk were gone out to fish, save only Alfred himself, and his wife, and one servant whom he loved. And there came a pilgrim to the king, and begged for food. And the king said to his servant:

“‘What food have we in the house?’

“And his servant answered: ‘My lord, we have in the house but one loaf, and a little wine.’ Then the king gave thanks to God, and said:

“‘Give half of the loaf and half of the wine to this poor pilgrim.’

“So the servant did as his lord commanded him, and gave to the pilgrim half of the loaf and half of the wine, and the pilgrim gave great thanks to the king. And when the servant returned, he found the loaf whole, and the wine as much as there had been aforetime. And he greatly wondered, and he wondered also how the pilgrim had come into the isle, for that no man could come there save by water, and the pilgrim had no boat.

“And the king greatly wondered also. And at the ninth hour came back the folk who had gone to fish. And they had their boats full of fish, and they said:

“‘Lo, we have caught this day more fish than in all the three years we have tarried in this island.’

“And the king was glad, and he and his folk were merry, yet he pondered much on that which had come to pass. And when night came, the king went to bed with Ealhswytha, his wife. And the lady slept, but the king lay awake and thought of all that had come to pass by day. And presently he saw a great light like the brightness of the sun, and he saw an old man with black hair, clothed in priest’s garments, and with a mitre on his head, and holding in his right hand a book of the gospels

adorned with gold and gems. And the old man blessed the king, and the king said unto him: 'Who art thou?'

"And he answered: 'Alfred, my son, rejoice; for I am he to whom thou didst this day give thine alms, and I am called Cuthbert, the soldier of Christ. Now be strong and very courageous, and be of joyful heart, and harken diligently to the things which I say unto thee; for henceforth I will be thy shield and thy friend, and I will watch over thee and over thy sons after thee. And now I will tell thee what thou must do. Rise up early in the morning, and blow thine horn thrice, that thy enemies may hear it and fear, and by the ninth hour thou shalt have around thee five hundred men harnessed for the battle. And this shall be a sign unto thee that thou mayest believe. And after seven days thou shalt have of God's gift and my help all the folk of this land gathered unto thee upon the mount that is called Assandun (Ethan-dune). And thus shalt thou fight against thine enemies, and doubt not that thou shalt overcome them. Be thou therefore glad of heart, and be strong and very courageous, and fear not, for God hath given thine enemies into thine hand. And he hath given thee also all this land, and the kingdom of thy fathers, to thee and to thy sons' sons after thee. Be thou faithful to me, and to my folk, because unto

thee is given all the land of Albion. Be thou righteous, because thou art chosen to be the king of all Britain. So may God be merciful unto thee, and I will be thy friend, and none of thine enemies shall be able to overcome thee.'

"Then was King Alfred glad at heart, and he was strong and very courageous, for that he knew that he would overcome his enemies by the help of God and St. Cuthbert, his patron. So in the morning he arose, and sailed to the land, and blew his horn three times, and when his friends heard it they were glad, and when his enemies heard it they feared. And by the ninth hour, according to the word of the Lord, there were gathered unto him five hundred of the bravest and dearest of his friends. And he spake unto them and told them all that God had said unto him by the mouth of his servant Cuthbert; and he told them that, by the gift of God and the help of St. Cuthbert, they would overcome their enemies and win back their own land. And he bade them, as St. Cuthbert had taught him, to fear God alway, and to be alway righteous toward all men. And he bade his son Edward, who was by him, to be faithful to God and St. Cuthbert, and so he should always have the victory over his enemies. So they went forth to battle and smote their enemies and overcame them, and King Alfred took the kingdom of all Britain, and he ruled

well and wisely over the just and the unjust for the rest of his days. . . .”

Another of Alfred's Athelney adventures is often rejected altogether because it cannot be traced earlier than William of Malmesbury, who wrote about two hundred years later than Alfred's time. But, as the story at least illustrates the reputation Alfred bore with his countrymen, it is worth repeating.

“Venturing from his concealment,” William of Malmesbury says, “he hazarded an experiment of consummate art. Accompanied only by one of his most faithful adherents, he entered the tent of the Danish king, under the disguise of a minstrel, and being admitted, as a professor of the mimic art, to the banqueting room, there was no object of secrecy that he did not minutely attend to both with eyes and ears. Remaining there several days, till he had satisfied his mind on everything which he wished to know, he returned to Athelney; and assembling his companions, pointed out the indolence of the enemy, and the easiness of their defeat.” It is not sufficient ground for discrediting this story, that the same kind of thing has been told of other military leaders from the time of Gideon downward, for it is also true that the same kind of thing has been done in almost every long campaign. Alfred's scouting exploit is not more wonderful than some of Baden-Powell's

scouting adventures in our own time, and just as Baden-Powell earned from his enemies a soubriquet: "The wolf that never sleeps," so Alfred had the reputation of being "like a slippery serpent."

These stories preserve for us some of the outstanding excitements which relieved the weary weeks of waiting in the Somerset marshes. There is no doubt that when the time for action came, Alfred issued from his retreat a changed man. He is more cautious and self-restrained, though not a whit less courageous and spirited. He had made vows to God, as many men do in the time of their distress, and, as few do when the distress is passed, he deliberately set himself to discharge them. . . .

The Hammer of Thor had done its work. It had had strong material to work upon, and now out of it had been hammered into shape a man whose every year of life after this time gave England more reason to think of him as England's Herdsman, England's Darling.

ROBERT THE BRUCE
(1274-1329)

ROBERT THE BRUCE

THE INDOMITABLE WARRIOR

ALFRED and the cakes! George Washington and the hatchet! Bruce and the spider! These stories appeal so strongly to youthful ears that they *must* be true. Whoso doubts them is but a crusty curmudgeon who should be taught to know his place. But even if the cold-blooded historians should rob Bruce of his spider, his story would still continue to fire the heart of youth. What a paladin of romance he was! How self-reliant! Single combat was to him as the breath of his nostrils, one of the chiefest joys of life. And, according to the "Tales of a Grandfather," even after his death his heart was carried into battle against the Saracens, in accordance with the indomitable old hero's last commands.

*The wars of Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death. The Scottish nobility rashly submitted the decision

*Adapted from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

of that matter to King Edward I of England, and thus opened the way to his endeavouring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. It was natural that such of the people as were still determined to fight for the deliverance of their country from the English should look round for some other King, under whom they might unite themselves to combat the power of England.

Amongst these, the principal candidates, were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick; the other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch, usually called the Red Comyn, to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but after his defeat, being careful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In

one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from table, and, going into a neighbouring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now this Robert the Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general; that is, he knew how to conduct an army, and place them in order for battle, as well or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John, the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the Church of the Minorites in Dunfries, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the Crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, cer-

tain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two friends of Bruce were in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said one, "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain. Accordingly, he and his companion rushed into the church and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by dispatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action. It was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honour. After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church,

on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned King at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the Kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the King's head, would not give his attendance, but the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken, and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but

would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the twenty-ninth of March, 1306. On the eighteenth of May he was excommunicated by the Pope, on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all benefits of religion, and authorized any one to kill him. Finally, on the nineteenth of June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young lord of Douglas, who was afterward called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. Driven from one place in the

Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The MacDougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn, to whom this MacDougal was nearly related. Bruce was again defeated by this chief. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and, placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them. Three followers of MacDougal, a father and two sons, called MacAndrosser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, rushed on the King at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man a blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had meantime grasped Bruce by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The King, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander

fell under the horse's feet, and, as he was endeavouring to rise again Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the King, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body, that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pummel of that weapon the King struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the King's mantle; so that to be free of the dead body Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that, and the mantle itself, behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of MacDougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family as a memorial.

The King met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior number of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions, to amuse them, when they were crossing the great High-

land lakes in such wretched leaky boats as they could find for that purpose. Loch Lomond, in particular, is said to have been the scene of such a lecture. You may see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the River Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men who followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime the castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's Queen, as well as the Queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement.

The Countess of Buchan had given Edward great offence by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the Castle of Berwick,

in a cage. The cage was a strong wooden and iron piece of framework, placed within an apartment, and resembling one of those places in which wild beasts are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned who were to be confined with peculiar rigour.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair. After receiving the intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce

was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavouring to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the

success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterward sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the Island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed, and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English governor of the castle, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn he knew the sound well,

and cried out that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert. They could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, but they were stout-hearted men, and yet looked forward to freeing their country.

The Bruce was now where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick, and in the neighbouring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy and from the difficulty of finding provisions.

Now, many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one MacDougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who had defeated Bruce. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got together and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. At that time bloodhounds, or sleuthhounds, were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought that if they missed taking Bruce, or killing him

at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, received some information of the intention of the party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly, he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighbourhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land, on the side where the King was, was steep, and the path which led upward from the water's edge to the top of the bank, extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford. He stood looking at the ford and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, provided it was bravely defended, when he heard, always coming nearer and nearer, the baying of a hound. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the King's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and

guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog. "My men," said he, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armour, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the riverside. Then the King thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition; and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them." So he looked again at the steep path and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand, until his men came to assist him. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the river.

The noise and trampling of the horses increased, and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of two hundred men on the opposite bank. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they

could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows among them, while they could not strike at him. In the confusion, five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down with the current, were drowned. The rest were terrified, and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honour would be lost forever if they did not force their way, and encouraged each other, with loud cries, to plunge through and assault him. But by this time the King's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men gave up their enterprise.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with Sir John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which it was said had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce

himself; and having been fed by the King with his own hands, it became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

The King saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking thus that the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The King asked his companion what help he could give him, and his

foster-brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all.

But by this time Bruce was much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly the King and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the farther side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the King went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog had lost track, gave up the chase, and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

But King Robert's adventures were not yet

ended. It was now near night, and he went boldly into a farmhouse, where he found the mistress, an old, true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter she asked him who and what he was. The King answered that he was a traveller who was journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the King, "for whose sake you make all welcome?"

"It is our rightful King, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the King, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though

she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the King.

Now the loyal woman was getting everything ready for the King's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after they heard the voice of the good Lord James of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, the King's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen, according to the instructions that the King had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend Lord James; and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers than he forgot hunger and weariness. There was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots rushed suddenly into the village where the English were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories over English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country, as formerly, unless when they could

assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned.

Edward I would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army before he had left Bruce time to conquer back the country. But very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful, though ambitious King, died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward II neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce when his force was small. But when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London to tell the King that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward I had made to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting.

King Edward II, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions, many brave soldiers from the French provinces, many Irish, many Welsh, and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men. .

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him when he heard of the great preparations which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders. His men had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English in their heavy-armed cavalry, and in their archers. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose he led his army down into a plain near Stirling. The English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with watercourses, while the Scots occupied hard, dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle to be dug full of holes about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top so that it

appeared a plain field while in reality it was as full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky that no troops could attack them there. On the left the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death as God should send it. When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey the English force. They returned with information that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen—that the whole

country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot.

It was upon the twenty-third of June, 1314, the King of Scotland heard the news that the English army was approaching Stirling. The van now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English called Sir Henry de Bohun who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall, powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one

side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed King Robert rose up in his stirrups and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger, when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The King only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning the English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might have decided the victory; but Bruce was prepared for them. A body of men-at-arms, well mounted, rode at full gallop among them, and as the archers had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion. The fine English cavalry

then advanced to support their archers. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits the horses fell into these holes and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armour.

While the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had been sent behind the army to a place afterward called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condi-

tion of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest Kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws.

Robert Bruce continued to reign gloriously for several years, and the Scots seemed, during his government, to have acquired a complete superiority over their neighbours. But then we must remember that Edward II who then reigned in England was a foolish prince, and listened to bad counsels; so that it is no wonder that he was beaten by so wise and experienced a general as Robert Bruce, who had fought his way to the crown through so many disasters, and acquired in consequence so much renown.

In the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign he became extremely sickly and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in woods and morasses without a roof to shelter him. He lived at a castle called Cardross, on the beautiful banks of the River Clyde, near to where it joins the

sea; and his chief amusement was to go upon the river, and down to the sea in a ship, which he kept for his pleasure. He was no longer able to sit upon his war-horse, or to lead his army to the field.

While Bruce was in this feeble state, Edward II, King of England, died, and was succeeded by his son Edward III. He turned out afterward to be one of the wisest and bravest Kings whom England ever had; but when he first mounted the throne he was very young. The war between the English and the Scots still lasted at the time.

But finally a peace was concluded with Robert Bruce on terms highly honourable to Scotland; for the English King renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of the country.

Good King Robert did not long survive this joyful event. He was not aged more than four-and-fifty years, but his bad health was caused by the hardships which he sustained during his youth, and at length he became very ill. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled round his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his deathbed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly, that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived

he had intended to go to Jerusalem to make war upon the Saracens who held the Holy Land, as some expiation for the evil deeds he had done. But since he was about to die, he requested of his dearest friend and bravest warrior, and that was the good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to the Holy Land. Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted this office—the last mark of the Bruce's confidence and friendship.

The King soon afterward expired; and his heart was taken out from his body and embalmed, that is, prepared with spices and perfumes, that it might remain a long time fresh and uncorrupted. Then the Douglas caused a case of silver to be made into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it around his neck by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who, to show their value of and sorrow for their brave King Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. In going to Palestine Douglas landed in Spain, where the Saracen King, or Sultan of Granada, called Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish King of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and easily persuaded the Scottish Earl that he would do good service to the Christian cause

by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Granada before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah illah Allah*, which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as were dispersed from each other.

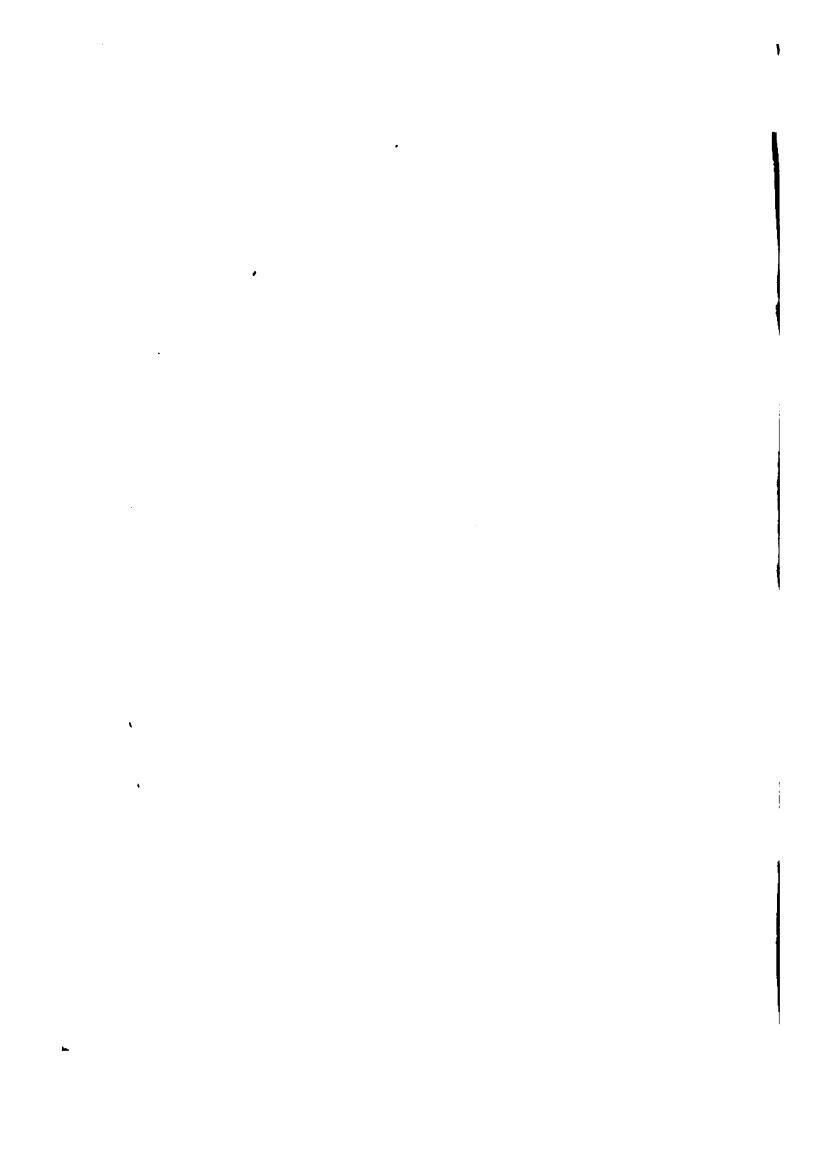
In this new skirmish Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair of Roslyn fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were having at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have instant help." With that he galloped to his rescue, but presently was himself also surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him as to leave him no chance of escaping, the Earl took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it as he would have done to the King had he been alive—"Pass first in fight," he said, "as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die."

He then threw the King's heart among the

enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.

Such of the Scottish knights as remained alive returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce and the bones of the good Lord James. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was laid in the sepulchre in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. The church afterward becoming ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breast-bone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take the heart. A new tomb was prepared into which the bones were laid with profound respect.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
(1743-1826)



THOMAS JEFFERSON

AN INDEFATIGABLE STUDENT

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S early career furnishes an excellent example of self-help, although he was not of humble birth, nor did he suffer any privations. On the contrary, he was in a measure "born to the purple," and while a student he associated familiarly with the highest personages of the colony.

He won his right to a place in these pages because of the sheer effort of will whereby he transformed himself over night from an idle fellow into a devoted worker whose close application to his tasks became the emulation and the despair of his fellow-students.

*Besides collegians, Williamsburg boasted in 1760 a few rich residents; and these, with royal dignitaries, the lawyers, and big wigs of the courts in term time, and those borough gentry who came from all parts of the colony to play at parliament, as the king would have them, were rolled together at a certain season of the year

*Taken by permission of the publishers, from "Thomas Jefferson," by James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co., 1893.

into a sort of court society, bright and even brilliant, and which could hardly escape being a little dissipated, besides, while a royal governor so accomplished as Fauquier shone out as the conspicuous star.

Behold now our lank and raw-boned student with the sandy hair—of whom it has been well said that he grew in good looks with his years, so as to be homely when young, comely in his prime, and handsome in old age—welcomed heartily within the inner circle of this *soi disant* court. Little, indeed, of the college curriculum or of his college classmates seems to have impressed him in comparison with the intimacy he quickly formed with three men, all much older, of strong and dissimilar characters, only one of whom could be termed, in a proper sense, his instructor, and he, as there is ground to suspect, not in full sympathy with the college faculty. These three men were Prof. William Small, of William and Mary; George Wythe, a distinguished lawyer; and Governor Fauquier, already mentioned. To Small, in particular, Jefferson ascribes a plastic influence, with an emphasis which we might well discount to the credit of boyish inexperience, had he not penned the fervid tribute in old age. "It was my great good fortune," he declares, "and what probably fixed the destinies of my life," that this one person happened then to be on the staff of his

Alma Mater. A Scotchman born, and known in later life as Dr. Small of Birmingham, the friend of Darwin, this excellent instructor sojourned but briefly in America—leaving William and Mary, in fact, about the same time as did his young adorer, and recrossing the ocean. Professor of mathematics when Jefferson entered college, he temporarily took, besides, the vacant chair in philosophy, and gave for the first time in that institution regular instruction in ethics, rhetoric, and polite literature. Upon the mind of this favorite pupil, who soon became the companion of his daily walks, Small poured the full light of liberal methods. Jefferson caught from him the ardor of applied science, at the loss very likely of some of those devout lessons he had learned at his mother's knee, and acquired those habits of intellectual induction and experiment from which he never quite departed. For though in his political creed Jefferson might become a man of intuitions, all intuitions were in favor of liberty.

Maternal relatives, who moved among the lowland grandees, had given our collegian an easy entrance to the Governor's drawing-rooms; his violin (in great demand) and personal attractiveness did more for him. Under the wing of his most serviceable professor, he soon made a fourth and listening guest at Fauquier's own table. It was proof of his innate strong

sense that such flattering favor did not turn the youth's head. Fauquier, though polished and well bred, besides an accomplished scholar and patron of arts, was a hardened gambler; but though it was said of him that he made gambling fashionable in the province he ruled, Jefferson never took a hand at such sport in his life, nor even knew one card from another. Small corresponded with his young protégé afterward from over the water; but when it came to the outbreak of the Revolution, their politics diverged. And though Wythe's association with Jefferson ripened into the longest and most useful intimacy of the three, it proved in time that the junior, both in legislation and in politics, gained power to direct his own teacher.

Jefferson's first year at college was idle, as often occurs when one works hard to get there. The attractions of society allured him from his books, and he spent somewhat heavily upon dress and fine horses. A handsome and spirited steed was always a favorite indulgence with Jefferson; and in jaunty youth, when his riding horse was brought to the door, he would not mount until he had found the creature's coat so well groomed and glossy that it would not soil his white cambric handkerchief. In sending to his guardian the account of his first year's expenditure at college, the ward censured his own extravagance, and resolved to turn the next

year another leaf. With that purpose in view, he discarded miscellaneous company, hung up the violin, and "sporting the oak"—as the college phrase goes—bent himself to the mastery of his tasks with a zeal that was truly astonishing. Fifteen hours a day, so the story runs, was his habitual course of study during this second year; the only physical exercise he took to offset such mental overwork being a sharp run about twilight to a particular stone, about a mile distant from the town, and back again. He gained the end he had immediately in view, and graduated from William and Mary at the age of nineteen, having compassed the college course in half the customary time.

Jefferson left college with the fame of a prodigy—indeed, of a profound and accomplished scholar for one so young. He developed a decided taste for both mathematics and the classics—studies which he faithfully cultivated all his life. It is not in hurried and heterogeneous cram that true scholarship is attained; but when the temporary gorge of knowledge subsides into a lasting appetite, the intellectual life is assured. Jefferson's insatiate passion to finish his preparatory period showed strength of character, and, indeed, of body besides; and the work which would have ruined many youths in health did him really no harm. Habitual thought and sympathy

turned in a practical direction; the new and adaptable absorbed his best time and energies; but literature remained through life a solace and a recreation. In Greek and Latin he read, as do few men of action in our later day, the most difficult authors during the spare hours he could snatch from official toil. As for mathematics, he made the ready use of fluxions in his own private estimates. In English composition he acquired almost insensibly so attractive a style of expression—pellucid as a lake, picturesque and choice in the use of words, and warm because of his heart's earnestness—as easily to grow into the best penman of his age in all America. This skill he displayed in drafting a statute in the briefest phrase possible, or in composing great popular documents, or in graceful and stimulating private letters; and all this in the neatness of chirography that needed no amanuensis. Of liberal studies, however, Jefferson relished ethics and metaphysics the least; for his bent was toward concrete facts, and not abstractions. Indeed he was wont to deride ethics as a science; holding to the theory that man is destined for society, and that his moral life should be regulated with that object in view. The thirst for science which Professor Small implanted was perhaps, however, the most striking result of his brief college training. So intently did he fasten upon his new idea new discoveries, that

his correspondence anticipated various practical inventions of the future; and it might almost be said that with extending arms he reached forward to the nineteenth century. But whatever he might invent, he had none of the nineteenth century disposition to appropriate the gain to himself, but made the whole world patentee.

All this development of early tendencies might seem to have marked Jefferson for an educator. But the habit of self-discipline was the choicest gain of his college life; stem-winding, as it were, in his mechanism, no extraneous key was ever needful to set and keep him going. There is nothing like having the battle of life in view to nerve youth to its most giant efforts. Politics and the profession of law interested, as they would most naturally, a man born to county influence and activity. Coke upon Littleton, and the black bread of the common law were next the Spartan fare which our college graduate digested. For five ensuing years—a space more than double what he had allowed for that universal dip which makes collegiate training—he pursued professional studies between Williamsburg and his Shadwell home; serener now, we fancy, in the thought that he was narrowing the edge to fit his blade for use. The friendship and personal supervision of the last of his strange table coterie promised much

for his advancement in active life; for George Wythe, in whose office he now hung up his hat as a law student, was the pride of such later intellects as John Marshall and Henry Clay, and a pattern of that happy type of sound and honorable lawyer which carries sobriety into the public service when duty calls, and sacrifices emolument to the general good. Jefferson styled this inflexible patriot after an intimacy of forty years, "the Cato of his country, without the avarice of the Roman." He directed Jefferson's professional studies in these years, led him into practice, and continued until death his affectionate friend.

Omnivorous still in his thirst for knowledge, but with steadier concentration of purpose, Jefferson kept up those tremendous working habits which remain a marvel to most, but of which others are incredulous. The common run of mankind seldom imagine how strong a steel spring may be coiled up in one who cherishes a precocious ambition for manly life with a precocious sense of responsibility. Rising punctually in winter when his bedroom clock pointed at five o'clock, and in summer as early as the hands could be distinguished, he commenced his studies; retiring not later than ten in the winter, and in the summer an hour earlier. He did not neglect distinguished company while at Williamsburg, but at drowsy Shadwell he was

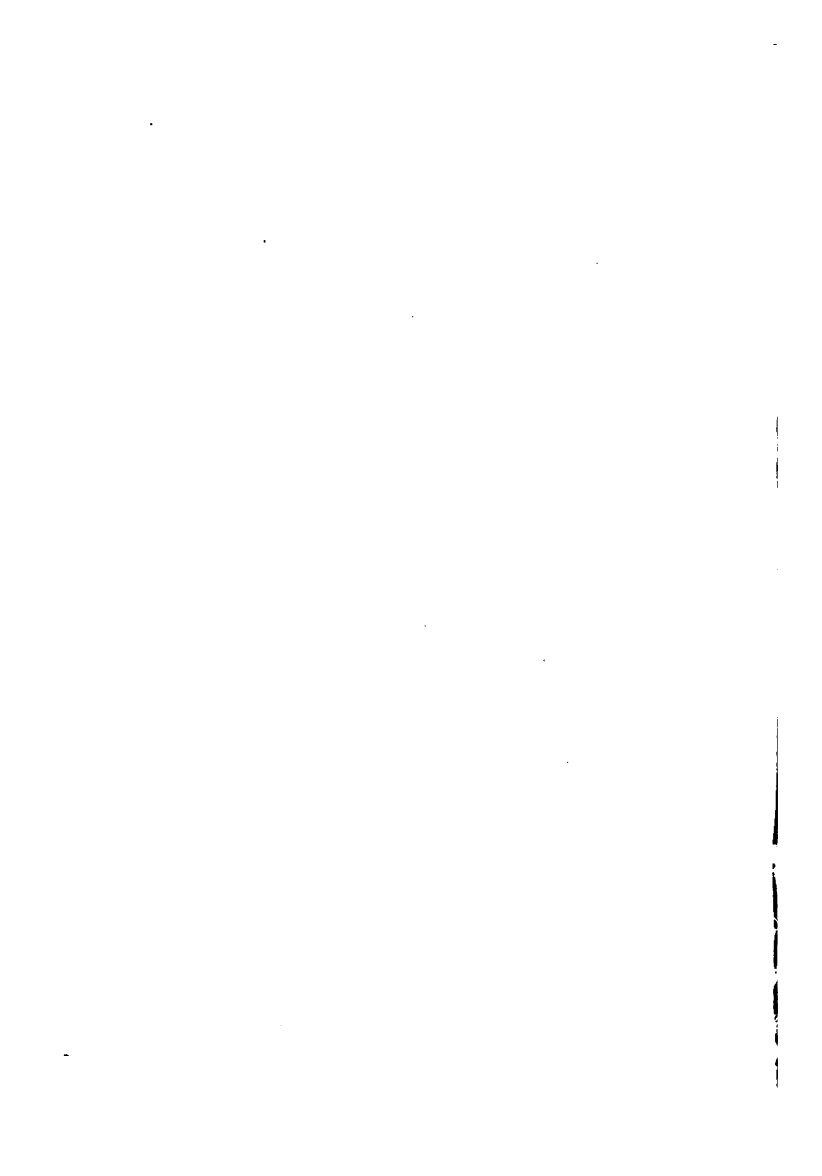
usually master of his time; and there, within their own environment, his good mother and sisters helped him live by rule, well content, we dare say, as women-folk usually are, to have the object of their darling pride safe at home. Twilight was the favorite time for assimilating the mental food of the day in a sort of solitary pastime; he would paddle his canoe across the stream, or scour the road on horseback at a heroic gallop, or foot it up the toilsome steep of Monticello—already his young lordship's favorite haunt, and the site whereon he meant to build a stately mansion when he became of age, having set his workmen to clear the trees somewhat at the top with that end in view.

Fortunately for the plans of conglomerate self-instruction which were his own crude invention, Thomas showed himself a youth of simple tastes. He was not even a tobacco smoker. He was blessed, moreover, by inheritance with good digestion, sunny humor, and a vigorous constitution which could bear many a strain for learning's sake. When the puny Madison, inspired by his older friend's example, made a like systematic assault upon omniscience while a college student at Princeton, he nearly killed himself in the effort. Noble zeal lights up to the dullest folio pages; and it was no small relief to that drudgery of reading

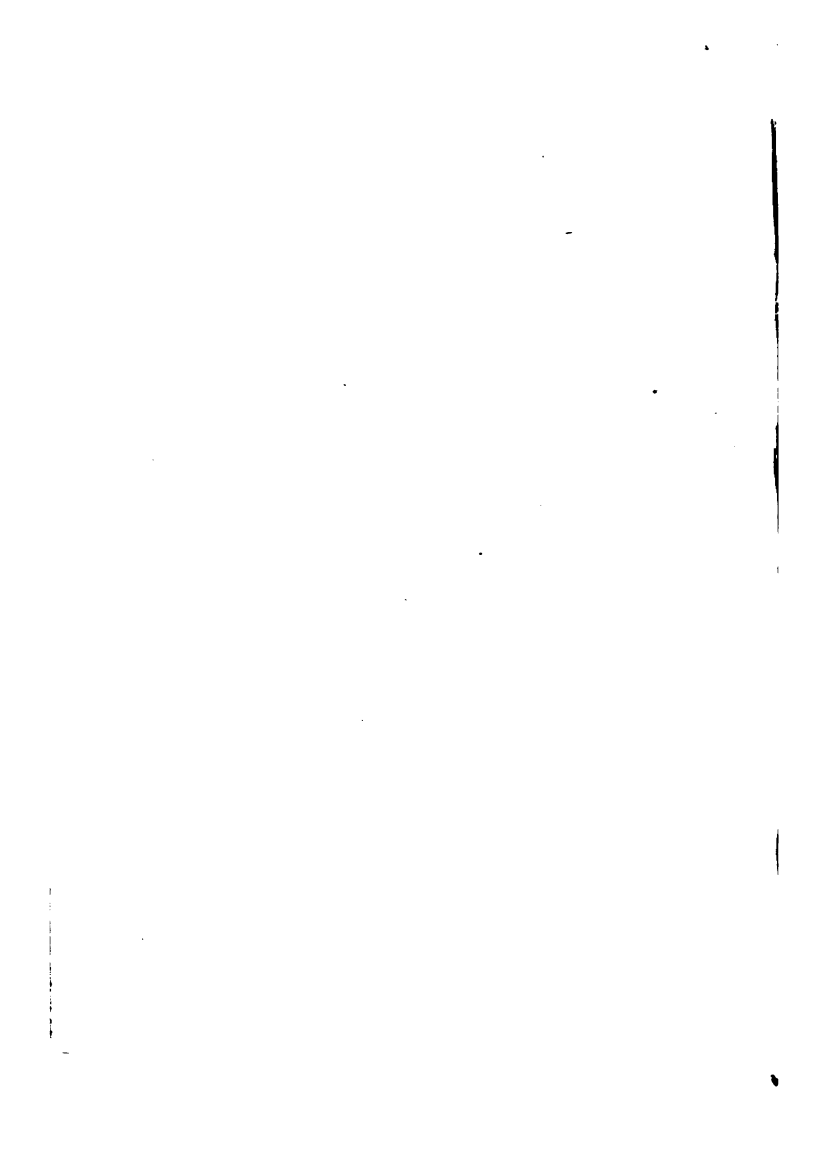
by the square foot, which the sages of the law then exacted, that Jefferson loved music so fondly, and could draw strains of dainty melody from his unobtrusive companion to suit the lonely mood. No piano or organ figured in the America back-country in these days; but Jefferson sang well, and his sister Jane, who was fond of music like himself, joined him in the new songs and Sunday psalmody.

Coke upon Littleton, in the antiquated text, furnished the uninviting banquet for colonial law students in these times; and though berating "the old dull scoundrel" in the hours when he longed, like all youths, to be off on a frolic, Jefferson learned, as time went on, to really love this sturdy exponent of our common law, with his Whig principles and tenacious grasp of individual freedom—freedom, one might say, which English jurisprudence concedes through a judicious use of technicalities. He liked less Blackstone of later vogue, with his honeyed style, which (as he used to say), though making the law more attractive for study, sent our younger race of lawyers sliding backward into Toryism. Hard as any one will find it to condense Coke, Jefferson made commonplace books and abridgments for his own convenience. He pondered over the cruelty of early codes; and in his notes he went back to old Bracton and the fountain-

head of English law, for he disdained to be superficial. French, Latin, Greek, and other liberal studies he kept up with equal pace in the conviction that rotation in daily tasks was of itself a recreation.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON
(1757-1804)



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

"HE CHERISHED HIS OPPORTUNITIES"

IN A duel at Weehawken, the unscrupulous adventurer, Aaron Burr, slew in his prime the man whom many historians describe as the greatest political genius of his age. The Constitution of the United States owes more to Alexander Hamilton, chief author of "The Federalist," than to any other individual.

*On the eleventh day of January, in the year 1757, the wife of a Scotch merchant in the island of Nevis gave birth to a son, who received the name of Alexander Hamilton. Many varying elements were mingled in this boy. He was a British subject born in the tropics, Scotch on his father's side and of French Huguenot descent on his mother's. To this conjunction many of the qualities which Hamilton exhibited in after life may be traced. But that which strikes us most at the outset is his extraordinary precocity; his mind and character seemed to partake of the nature of those luxu-

*From "Alexander Hamilton," by H. C. Lodge. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Copyright, 1882.

riant tropical plants which in a few months attain a growth permitted only after years of conflict and care in the harsher climate of the north. Upon the childhood of Hamilton even the exhaustive and devoted labors of his son and biographer, Mr. John C. Hamilton, fail to throw much light. His mother, who apparently possessed an unusual degree of wit and beauty, died early. His father was unsuccessful in business, and Alexander, the only surviving child, fell to the care of maternal relations, among whom he picked up a rude, odd, and desultory sort of education, and by whom he was placed in a counting-room before he was twelve years old.

There at his clerkly desk we catch the first clear glimpse of the future statesman in the well-known letter addressed to his friend Edward Stevens: "I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk, or the like," he says, "to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I am confident, Ned, that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it; but I mean to prepare the way for futurity." The expression savors of the grandiloquence of the last century, but the thought is natural and even sober and is moreover that of a man, and yet it was uttered by a boy who had not passed his thirteenth

birthday. At the same tender age he was left in charge of his employer's affairs, and some of his correspondence of that time has been preserved to us. These clear and sensible letters of business have nothing in themselves unusual, but it is not a little remarkable that they should be the work of a lad whose contemporaries were studying the rudiments of grammar on school benches, while his capacity was great enough not only to write such letters but practically to manage on his own responsibility the concerns of a considerable merchant.

In the intervals of his office work Hamilton read and wrote much; Pope and Plutarch, we are told, were his favorite authors, and to his exercises in composition was due the publication of a vivid account of a severe hurricane which raged with devastating force in the West Indies. This literary effort attracted a good deal of attention, especially among those vague relatives to whom the boy's interests were intrusted, and by them it was decided that so much talent deserved wider opportunities than could be found in a West Indian counting-house. Funds were provided, and in his fifteenth year Hamilton bade a final adieu to his birthplace and took ship for Boston, where he arrived in October, 1772. Thence he proceeded to New York, where, thanks to letters from the excellent Doctor Knox, a Presbyterian

clergyman of Nevis, and one of the boy's earliest friends, he found wise and good counsellors. By their advice he entered a grammar school of some note at Elizabethtown, where he extended his acquaintance, and where during the winter he pursued his studies with the fiery and unresting energy so characteristic of him throughout his life. At odd moments he indulged in his propensity for writing. He produced not only prose but poetry, including hymns, elegies, and verses of all sorts, which were not without the merit inseparable from the work of an active, fresh, and fertile mind. At the end of the year he was ready for college. His first thought was for Princeton, but, as he characteristically proposed to go through the course as rapidly as he could without regard to classes, the rules of the college would not permit his admittance, and he entered King's College in New York, where he prosecuted his studies with the aid of a private tutor as fast as he wished. In the university as at school he threw himself heart and soul into his work, gathering up knowledge with quick apprehension, while the tireless activity of his mind continually sent his thoughts ranging into other and wider fields of finance, government, and politics. It was then his custom of an afternoon, as we are told, to walk under the shadow of the trees on Batteau Street, plunged in

thought and talking eagerly to himself. The passers-by would turn to look at the small, slight youth, still a mere boy in appearance, dark of skin, and with deep-set eyes; and those who knew the "young West Indian," as he was called, already speculated about him vaguely as people are wont to do about those who give or seem to give obvious promise of an illustrious future. But while Hamilton was leading the reflective life of a student, and meditating beneath the shadow of the trees, imbued perhaps with the "prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming of things to come," a great revolution was swiftly coming to its crisis about him.

Successful men are those who take advantage of their opportunities, for opportunities are not made by men but for them. Hamilton, we may be sure, would have taken full advantage of any and every opportunity but he had the good fortune to have a great one opened to him. The question was which side in the gathering conflict he would espouse. It seemed perhaps more difficult to Hamilton to decide then than it does to us to decide for him now; and yet his choice was simple and his selection inevitable. He was singularly free in making his decision. He was born, it is true, in a little English dependency and had always been a provincial, but he had no family in New York to warp or encumber him, his ties of friendship

were new and probably as much with one side as the other, and he was to all intents and purposes his own master. A visit in the spring of 1774 to Boston, the hot-bed of resistance to England and possessing an atmosphere very different from that of New York, where the Tories were in the ascendant, probably affected him not a little, and led him to a close examination of the all-absorbing controversy. He himself tells us that he had formed "strong prejudices on the ministerial side until he became convinced by the superior force of the arguments in favor of the colonial claims." This explanation is exceedingly characteristic and highly instructive. His masterful temper and innate love and respect for government, order, and strong rule dictated his prejudices. His clear, vigorous mind, and his profound belief in reasoning and argument, which so prevailed with him always, showed him plainly that the Colonies were in the right. But after every allowance for the conviction brought by reason, an instinctive sense of what must be the true path for him to follow undoubtedly played a large part in Hamilton's decision. He was young, unknown, an adventurer in a strange land, and burning with a lofty ambition. The world was before him, and his fortune, which he meant should be a great one, was to be made. Constituted authority and a continuity of govern-

ment offered at best but little to the most successful provincial. Change, revolution, and war might bring almost anything in the way of military or civic glory. He chose rightly, and he also chose wisely when he cast in his lot with the opponents of England.

New York was in possession of the Tories. The Assembly was ministerial, narrow-minded, and with a majority controlled by the home government. Upon this Assembly, in order to force New York into line with the other colonies now preparing for the first Congress, it was decided to bring what in these days would be called "pressure." With this purpose a great meeting in the fields was held on July 6, 1774, under the auspices of the patriot leaders. Hamilton was present listening to the orators. Like the boy Pitt under the gallery of the House of Commons, Hamilton was impressed by what was left unsaid far more than by all the rhetoric of the speakers. Filled with the belief that he could supply the omissions which he detected, he made his way to the platform and stood before the people. There were a few moments of youthful embarrassment and hesitation, while the crowd stared at the audacious boy, and then nature asserted itself and his words flowed unchecked. Hamilton was never eloquent in the sense in which Chatham or Mirabeau or Henry were eloquent, for he had not the

imaginative and poetical temperament. But he had the eloquence of sound reason and clear logic, combined with great power and lucidity of expression, and backed by a strong and passionate nature. As he poured out with all his young fervor thoughts long pent up in his breast, we can well believe that the crowd, murmuring, "it is a collegian! it is a collegian!" were deeply stirred by the oratory of one who spoke so well, although he was a stranger and in appearance a mere boy.

Once embarked, Hamilton was too honorable, too high-minded, and too thoroughly satisfied of the soundness of his convictions ever to waver or turn back, and tempting offers from the other side at a later day, when his value and his powers were better known, passed idly by him. He was not only firm of purpose, but having taken his part he pushed on in every direction open to him with his accustomed zeal. In those days public opinion was formed and the power of the press exerted through pamphlets or by essays addressed to the printer, and published by him in his newspaper as communications. The ablest men of the country employed these channels to reach the public mind, and great importance was attached to such productions. Two tracts of considerable force assailing Congress and its measures, and written by two of the ablest writers on the Tory

side, appeared in the autumn of 1774. The effect of these pamphlets was severe to the patriots, and while they were casting about for a champion Hamilton answered the attack. The Tories replied, and Hamilton rejoined in a second pamphlet of some seventy-eight pages. Both these tracts, which showed marked ability, were variously attributed to the most eminent leaders, and when their authorship was known the young writer gained a wide and immediate reputation. To argue points of constitutional law and of political justice and expediency was above all things congenial to Hamilton with his already well-stored mind, acute logic, and capacity for discussion. The pamphlets were excellent of their kind at a time when such performances were strictly judged, and, taken in connection with the youth of the author, deserved the great success which they obtained. They gave Hamilton an assured position and led to the rejected offers from the Tories to which allusion has just been made.

The winter of 1775 passed away, New York was at last forced into the Congress, the battles came in Massachusetts and revolution began. Meanwhile Hamilton continued his arguments against England in vigorous newspaper essays, took part in public meetings, and devoted his time to a study of military affairs, seeking also for practical experience by joining a volunteer

corps commanded by Major Fleming. Besides showing nerve in the performance of some trying military duties which were becoming very necessary in those troublous times, Hamilton appeared prominently on several occasions in efforts to repress, by argument and by fearless personal exposure, outbreaks of mob violence. The most memorable of these occasions was one which happened during the disturbances caused by the British ship of war *Asia* opening fire on the town. Persons and property had been injured, and there was wild commotion, and an angry rising of the people in New York. The king's storehouse was pillaged, the Connecticut troops were sent for, and Liberty Boys rushed through the streets threatening outrage and ruin to every Tory. Most prominent among the adherents of the Crown was Doctor Cooper, president of the college, and thither the angry mob hurried, bent on mischief of a desperate sort. When they arrived they found Hamilton and his friend Troup on the steps of the building ready to delay their entrance. The former at once stepped forward and began to reason vigorously with the crowd, and to denounce their disorderly conduct. While Hamilton was thus engaged, and while the populace halted to listen with amazement, no doubt, to the eager words of a youth whom they had last seen exposed to the fire of the

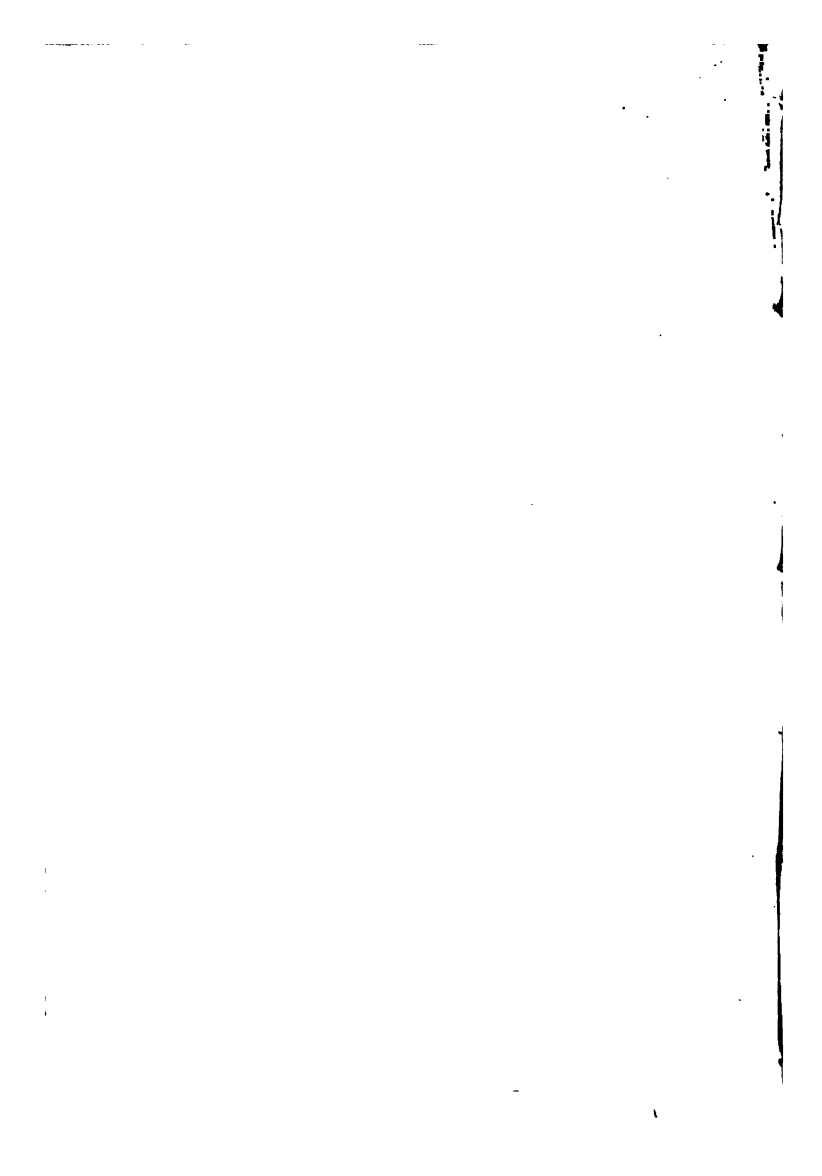
Asia with other patriots occupied in removing cannon, the excellent Doctor Cooper fled, after warning the people from a high window not to be guided by such a madman as his former pupil who was then addressing them.

The doctor's mistake was natural enough. He could not believe that Hamilton, patriot and rebel, was resisting the people and restraining their violence for the sake of an old Tory clergyman. There is, indeed, something very surprising as well as very fine in the spectacle thus presented of a boy, whose blood was hot with the new strong wine of revolution, risking his life and what he loved probably much more, his influence and his popularity in behalf of law, order, and mercy. In a similar fashion he interfered to save the life of one Thurman from what was then known as "Travis's mob," and when the Connecticut horse broke into the town and carried off the types of Rivington, the Tory printer, Hamilton was filled with indignation at this violent suppression of opinion, and if he could have got a few men to go with him would have ridden after the marauders and recaptured the property. These instances of self-restraint and cool bravery are all very remarkable in so young and so enthusiastic a man as Hamilton. In the midst of revolutionary excitement he did not hesitate to come forward to check his own party, to oppose and

censure their excesses, to take the side of the unpopular minority in behalf of mercy, justice, order, free speech, and a free press. But whether he succeeded or failed in these attempts, they were creditable alike to his sense and courage; and show strongly his early and deep detestation of anything like disorder, and above all his hatred of that most noxious of all forms of confusion, a riotous city rabble.

But the time for preparation was closing fast. Early in 1776 the New York Convention ordered a company of artillery to be raised. Hamilton applied for the command, and his examination quickly dispelled the doubts of his fitness in those who suspected mere youthful presumption. He recruited his company rapidly, and spent upon its equipment his second and last remittance from home. He had now burned his ships behind him. Youth, study, and the days of dreaming and meditation were gone. He was a man striving for everything that an ambitious man can desire. He had already entered upon the stage of life at an age when most boys were still in school or college, and a very exciting and bustling drama he found in progress. He had youth, health, great talent, a strong will, courage, ambition, and his sword. With these weapons his fortune was to be made.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(1809-1865)



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE "GREATEST AMERICAN" IN YOUTH

THE year after the publication of "Self-Help," by Samuel Smiles, Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency. If Smiles had known his story, he would certainly have given it first place in his book, for as long as history endures the name of Lincoln will shine like a star to guide the feet of the youth determined to win distinction by a life of noble usefulness.

*It was at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, that the first child of the Lincolns, a daughter, was born. Soon after this event Thomas Lincoln decided to combine farming with his trade, and moved to the farm he had bought in 1803, on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, in Hardin County, now La Rue County, three miles from Hodgenville, and about fourteen miles from Elizabethtown. Here he was living when, on February 12, 1809, his second child, a boy, was born. The little newcomer was called Abraham, after his grandfather—a name which had

*From "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell. Macmillan Co.

persisted through many preceding generations in both the Lincoln and Hanks families.

The home into which the child came was the ordinary one of the poorer Western pioneer—a one-roomed cabin with a huge outside chimney, a single window, and a rude door. The description of its squalor and wretchedness, which are so familiar, has been overdrawn. Doctor Graham, than whom there is no better authority on the life of that day, and who knew Thomas Lincoln well, declares energetically that "It is all stuff about Tom Lincoln keeping his wife in an open shed in winter. The Lincolns had a cow and calf, milk and butter, a good feather bed—for I have slept on it. They had home-woven 'kiverlids,' big and little pots, a loom and wheel. Tom Lincoln was a man and took care of his wife. . . ."

When the little boy was about four years old the first real excitement of his life occurred. His father moved from the farm on Nolin Creek to another some fifteen miles northeast on Knob Creek, and here the child began to go to school. At that day the schools in the West were usually accidental, depending upon the coming of some poor and ambitious young man who was willing to teach a few terms while he looked for an opening to something better. The terms were irregular, their length being decided by the time the settlers felt able to board the master

and pay his small salary. The chief qualifications for a schoolmaster seem to have been enough strength to keep the "big boys" in order, though one high authority affirms that pluck went "for a heap sight more'n sinnoo with boys."

Many of the itinerant masters were Catholics, strolling Irishmen from the colony in Tennessee, or French priests from Kaskaskia. Lincoln's first teacher, Zachariah Riney, was a Catholic. Of his second teacher, Caleb Hazel, we know even less than of Riney. Mr. Gollaher says that Abraham Lincoln, in those days when he was his schoolmate, was "an unusually bright boy at school, and made splendid progress in his studies. Indeed, he learned faster than any of his schoolmates. Though so young, he studied very hard. He would get spicewood bushes, hack them up on a log, and burn them two or three together, for the purpose of giving light by which he might pursue his studies."

Probably the boy's mother had something to do with the spicewood illuminations. Tradition has it that Mrs. Lincoln took great pains to teach her children what she knew, and that at her knee they heard all the Bible lore, fairy tales, and country legends that she had been able to gather in her poor life.

Besides the "A B C schools," as Lincoln called them, the only other medium of education

in the country districts of Kentucky in those days was "preaching." Itinerants like the schoolmasters, the preachers, of whatever denomination, were generally uncouth and illiterate; the code of morals they taught was mainly a healthy one, and they, no doubt, did much to keep the consciences of the pioneers awake. It is difficult to believe that they ever did much for the moral training of young Lincoln, though he certainly got his first notion of public speaking from them; and for years in his boyhood one of his chief delights was to gather his playmates about him, and preach and thump until he had his auditors frightened or in tears.

As soon as the child was strong enough to follow his father in the fields, he was put to work at simple tasks: bringing tools, carrying water, picking berries, dropping seeds. . . .

In 1816 a great event happened to the little boy. His father emigrated from Knob Creek to Indiana. . . .

To a boy of seven years, free from all responsibility, and too vigorous to feel its hardships, such a journey must have been a long delight and wonder. Every day brought forth new scenes and adventures. Little Abraham saw forests greater than he had ever dreamed of, peopled by strange birds and beasts, and he crossed a river so wide that it must have seemed

to him like the sea. To Thomas and Nancy Lincoln the journey was probably a hard and sad one; but to the children beside them it was a wonderful journey into the unknown.

On arriving at the new farm an axe was put into the boy's hands, and he was set to work to aid in clearing a field for corn, and to help build the "half-face camp" which for a year was the home of the Lincolns. There were few more primitive homes in the wilderness of Indiana in 1816 than this of young Lincoln, and there were few families, even in that day, who were forced to practise more makeshifts to get a living. The cabin which took the place of the "half-face camp" had but one room, with a loft above. For a long time there was no window, door, or floor; not even the traditional deerskin hung before the exit; there was no oiled paper over the opening for light; there was no puncheon covering on the ground.

The furniture was of their own manufacture. The table and chairs were of the rudest sort—rough slabs of wood, in which holes were bored and legs fitted in. Their bedstead, or rather bed-frame, was made of poles held up by two outer posts, and the ends made firm by inserting the poles in auger-holes that had been bored in a log which was a part of the wall of the cabin; skins were its chief covering. Little Abraham's bed was even more primitive. He slept

on a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, to which he mounted by means of pegs driven into the wall.

Their food, if coarse, was usually abundant; the chief difficulty in supplying the larder was to secure any variety. Of game there was plenty: deer, bear, pheasants, wild turkeys, ducks, birds of all kinds. There were fish in the streams, and wild fruits of many kinds in the woods in the summer, and these were dried for winter use; but the difficulty of raising and milling corn and wheat was very great. Indeed, in many places in the West the first flour cake was an historical event. Corn-dodger was the everyday bread of the Lincoln household, the wheat cake being a dainty reserved for Sunday mornings.

Potatoes were the only vegetable raised in any quantity, and there were times in the Lincoln family when they were the only food on the table—a fact proved to posterity by the oft-quoted remark of Abraham to his father after the latter had asked a blessing over a dish of roasted potatoes, “that they were mighty poor blessings.” Not only were they all the Lincolns had for dinner sometimes; one of their neighbors tells of calling there when raw potatoes, pared and washed, were passed around instead of apples or other fruit. They even served as a kind of pioneer chafrette—being

baked and given to the children to carry in their hands as they started to school or on distant errands in wintertime.

The food was prepared in the rudest way, for the supply of both groceries and cooking utensils was limited. The former were frequently wanting entirely, and as for the latter, the most important item was the Dutch oven. An indispensable article in the primitive kitchen outfit was the "gritter." It was made by flattening out an old piece of tin, punching it full of holes, and nailing it on a board. Upon this all sorts of things were grated, even ears of corn, in which slow way enough meal was sometimes secured for bread. Old tin was used for many other contrivances besides the "gritter," and every scrap was carefully saved. Most of the dishes were of pewter; the spoons, iron; the knives and forks horn-handled.

The Lincolns, of course, made their own soap and candles, and if they had cotton or wool to wear they had literally to grow it. It is probable that young Abraham Lincoln wore little cotton or linsey-woolsey. His trousers were of roughly tanned deerskin, his foot-covering a home-made moccasin, his cap a coon-skin; it was only the material for his blouse or shirt that was woven at home. If this costume had some obvious disadvantages, it was not to be despised. So good an authority as Governor

Reynolds says of one of its articles—the linsey-woolsey shirt: “It was an excellent garment. I have never felt so happy and healthy since I put it off.”

These “pretty pinching times,” as Abraham Lincoln once described the early days in Indiana, lasted until 1819. The year before Nancy Lincoln had died, and for many months no more forlorn place could be conceived than this pioneer home bereft of its guiding spirit; but finally Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and returned with a new wife—Sally Bush Johnson, a widow with three children—John, Sarah, and Matilda. The new mother came well provided with household furniture, bringing many things unfamiliar to little Abraham: “one fine bureau, one table, one set of chairs, one large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding, and other articles.” She was a woman of energy, thrift, and gentleness, and at once made the cabin homelike and taught the children habits of cleanliness and comfort.

Abraham was ten years old when his new mother came from Kentucky, and he was already an important member of the family. He was remarkably strong for his years, and the work he could do in a day was a decided advantage to Thomas Lincoln. The axe which had been put into his hand to help in making the

first clearing he had never been allowed to drop; indeed, as he says himself, "From that till within my twenty-third year I was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument." Besides, he drove the team, cut the elm and linn brush with which the stock was often fed, learned to handle the old shovel-plough, to wield the sickle, to thresh the wheat with a flail, to fan and clean it with a sheet, to go to mill and turn the hard-earned grist into flour. In short, he learned all the trades the settler's boy must know, and so well that when his father did not need him he could hire him to the neighbors. Thomas Lincoln also taught him the rudiments of carpentry and cabinet-making, and kept him busy much of the time as his assistant in his trade. There are houses still standing, in and near Gentryville, on which it is said he worked.

As he grew older he became one of the strongest and most popular "hands" in the vicinity, and much of his time was spent as a "hired boy" on some neighbor's farm. For twenty-five cents a day—paid to his father—he was hostler, ploughman, wood-chopper, and carpenter, besides helping the women with the "chores." For them he was ready to carry water, make the fire, even tend the baby. No wonder that a laborer who never refused to do anything asked of him, who could "strike with

a maul heavier blows" and "sink an axe deeper into the wood" than anybody else in the community, and who at the same time was general help for the women, never lacked a job in Gentryville. . . .

Of course the boys hunted. Not that Abraham ever became a true sportsman; indeed, he seems to have lacked the genuine sporting instinct. In a curious autobiography, written entirely in the third person, which Lincoln prepared at the request of a friend in 1860, he says of his exploits as a hunter: "A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin; and Abraham with a rifle gun, standing inside, shot through a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled the trigger on any larger game." This exploit is confirmed by Dennis Hanks, who says: "No doubt about A. Lincoln's killing the turkey. He done it with his father's rifle, made by William Lutes of Bullitt County, Kentucky. I have killed a hundred deer with her myself; turkeys too numerous to mention."

But there were many other country sports which he enjoyed to the full. He went swimming in the evenings, fished with the other boys in Pigeon Creek, wrestled, jumped, and ran races at the noon rests. He was present at every country horse-race and fox-chase. The

sports he preferred were those which brought men together: the spelling-school, the husking-bee, the "raising"; and of all these he was the life by his wit, his stories, his good nature, his doggerel verses, his practical jokes, and by a rough kind of politeness, for even in Indiana in those times there was a notion of politeness, and one of Lincoln's schoolmasters had given "lessons in manners." Lincoln seems to have profited in a degree by them, for Mrs. Crawford, at whose home he worked for some time, declares that he always "lifted his hat and bowed" when he made his appearance.

There was, of course, a rough gallantry among the young people; and Lincoln's old comrades and friends in Indiana have left many tales of how he "went to see the girls"; of how he brought in the biggest back-log and made the brightest fire; of how the young people, sitting around it, watching the way the sparks flew, told their fortunes. He helped pare apples, shell corn, and crack nuts. He took the girls to meeting and to spelling-school, though he was not often allowed to take part in the spelling-match, for the one who "chose first" always chose "Abe Lincoln," and that was equivalent to winning, as the others knew that "he would stand up the longest. . . ."

With all his hard living and hard work, Lincoln was getting, in this period, a desultory

kind of education. Not that he received much schooling. He went to school "by littles," he says; "in all it did not amount to more than a year." And, if we accept his own description of the teachers, it was, perhaps, just as well that it was only "by littles." No qualification was required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of the three." If a straggler supposed to know Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a "wizard." But more or less of a schoolroom is a matter of small importance if a boy has learned to read, and to think of what he reads. And that, this boy had learned. His stock of books was small, but he knew them thoroughly, and they were good books to know: the Bible, "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a "History of the United States," Weems's "Life of Washington," and the "Statutes of Indiana." These are the ones we know about. Some of these books he borrowed from the neighbors, a practice which resulted in at least one casualty, for Weems's "Life of Washington" he allowed to get wet, and to make good the loss he had to pull fodder three days. No matter. The book became his then, and he could read it as he would. Fortunately he took this curious work in profound seriousness, which a wide-awake boy would hardly be expected to do to-

day. Washington became an exalted figure in his imagination; and he always contended later, when the question of the real character of the first President was brought up, that it was wiser to regard him as a godlike being, heroic in nature and deeds, as Weems does, than to contend that he was only a man, who, if wise and good, still made mistakes and was guilty of follies, like other men.

Besides these books he borrowed many others. He once told a friend that he "read through every book he had ever heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles." From everything he read he made long extracts, with his turkey-buzzard pen and brier-root ink. When he had no paper he would write on a board, and thus preserve his selections until he secured a copybook. The wooden fire-shovel was his usual slate, and on its back he ciphered with a charred stick, shaving it off when it had become too grimy for use. The logs and boards in his vicinity he covered with his figures and quotations. By night he read and worked as long as there was light, and he kept a book in the crack of the logs in his loft, to have it at hand at peep of day. When acting as ferryman on the Ohio, in his nineteenth year, anxious, no doubt, to get through the books of the house where he boarded before he left the place, he read every night until midnight.

Every lull in his daily labor he used for reading, rarely going to his work without a book. When ploughing or cultivating the rough fields of Spencer County, he found frequently a half-hour for reading, for at the end of every long row the horse was allowed to rest, and Lincoln had his book out and was perched on stump or fence almost as soon as the plough had come to a standstill. One of the few people still left in Gentryville who remembers Lincoln, Captain John Lamar, tells to this day of riding to mill with his father, and seeing, as they drove along, a boy sitting on the top rail of an old-fashioned stake-and-rider worm fence reading so intently that he did not notice their approach. His father, turning to him, said: "John, look at that boy yonder, and mark my words: he will make a smart man out of himself. I may not see it, but you'll see if my words don't come true." "That boy was Abraham Lincoln," adds Mr. Lamar, impressively.

In his habits of reading and study the boy had little encouragement from his father, but his stepmother did all she could for him. Indeed, between the two there soon grew up a relation of touching gentleness and confidence. In one of the interviews a biographer of Mr. Lincoln sought with her before her death, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"I induced my husband to permit Abe to

read and study at home as well as at school. At first he was not easily reconciled to it, but finally he, too, seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always, and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him—would let him read on and on till he quit of his own accord." This consideration of his stepmother won the boy's confidence, and he rarely copied anything that he did not take it to her to read, asking her opinion of it; and often, when she did not understand it, explaining the meaning in his plain and simple language.

Among the books which fell into young Lincoln's hand when he was about eighteen years old was a copy of the "Revised Statutes of Indiana." We know from Dennis Hanks and from Mr. Turnham of Gentryville, to whom the book belonged, and from other associates of Lincoln at the time, that he read the book intently and discussed its contents intelligently. It was a remarkable volume for a thoughtful lad whose mind had already been fired by the history of Washington. It opened with that wonderful document, the Declaration of Independence; following the Declaration of Independence was the Constitution of the United States, the Act of Virginia passed in 1783 by which the "Territory North Westward of the river Ohio" was conveyed to the United States,

and the ordinance of 1787 for governing this territory, containing that clause on which Lincoln in the future based many an argument on the slavery question. This article, No. 6 of the Ordinance, reads: "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted: provided always, that any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor or service, as aforesaid."

Following this was the Constitution and the Revised Laws of Indiana, three hundred and seventy-five pages, of five hundred words each, of statutes. When Lincoln finished this book, as he had, probably, before he was eighteen, we have reason to believe that he understood the principles on which the nation was founded, how the state of Indiana came into being, and how it was governed. His understanding of the subject was clear and practical, and he applied it in his reading, thinking, and discussion. After he had read the Statutes of Indiana, Lincoln had free access to the library of an admirer, Judge John Pitcher of Rockport, Indiana, where he examined many books.

Although so far away from the centre of the

world's activity, he was learning something of current history. One man in Gentryville, Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper printed was subjected to their keen, shrewd common sense. It was not long before young Lincoln became the favorite member of the group, the one listened to most respectfully. Politics were warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be that sitting on the counter of Jones's grocery Lincoln even argued on slavery. It certainly was one of the live questions in Indiana at that date. . . .

Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones grocery store a reputation as a talker and a story-teller; he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator. He could repeat with effect all the poems and speeches in his various school readers, he could imitate to perfection the wandering preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd every time he mounted a stump. The applause he won was sweet; and frequently he indulged his gifts when he ought to have been working—so thought his employers and Thomas, his father. It was trying, no doubt, to the hard-

pushed farmers to see the men who ought to have been cutting grass or chopping wood throw down their scythes or axes and group around a boy whenever he mounted a stump to develop a pet theory or repeat with variations yesterday's sermon. In his fondness for speech-making young Lincoln attended all the trials of the neighborhood, and frequently walked fifteen miles to Boonville to attend court.

He wrote as well as spoke, and some of his productions were printed through the influence of his admiring neighbors. Thus a local Baptist preacher was so struck with one of Abraham's essays on temperance that he sent it to Ohio, where it is said to have appeared in a newspaper. Another article, on "National Politics," so pleased a lawyer of the vicinity that he declared the "world couldn't beat it."

In considering the different opportunities for development which the boy had at this time it should not be forgotten that he spent many months at one time or another on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In fact, all that Abraham Lincoln saw of men and the world outside of Gentryville and its neighborhood, until after he was twenty-one years of age, he saw on these rivers. . . .

With this varied river life Abraham Lincoln first came into contact as a ferryman and boatman, when in 1826 he spent several months as a

ferryman at the mouth of Anderson Creek, where it joins the Ohio. This experience suggested new possibilities to him. It was a custom among the farmers of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois at this date to collect a quantity of produce and float down to New Orleans on a raft to sell it. Young Lincoln saw this and wanted to try his fortune as a produce merchant. An incident of his projected trip he related once to Mr. Seward:

"Seward," he said, "did you ever hear how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Mr. Seward.

"Well," replied he, "I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'scrubs'; people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there; but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flat-boat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered to New Orleans. The steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat, and wonder-

ing whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with trunks came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats singled out mine and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. The trunks were put in my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted the trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

Soon after this, while he was working for Mr. Gentry, the leading citizen of Gentryville, his employer decided to send a load of produce

to New Orleans, and chose young Lincoln to go as "bow hand," "to work the front oars." For this trip he received eight dollars a month and his passage back. Who can believe that he could see and be part of this river life without learning much of the ways and thoughts of the world beyond him? Every time a steamboat or a raft tied up near Anderson Creek and he with his companions boarded it and saw its mysteries and talked with its crew, every time he rowed out with passengers to a passing steamer, who can doubt that he came back with new ideas and fresh energy? The trips to New Orleans were, to a thoughtful boy, an education of no mean value. It was the most cosmopolitan and brilliant city of the United States at that date, and there young Lincoln saw life at its intensest.

Such was Abraham Lincoln's life in Indiana; such were the avenues open to him for study and for seeing the world. In spite of the crudeness of it all, in spite of the fact that he had no wise direction, that he was brought up by a father with no settled purpose, and that he lived in a pioneer community, where a young man's life at best is but a series of makeshifts, Lincoln soon developed a determination to make something out of himself, and a desire to know, which led him to neglect no opportunity to learn.

The only unbroken outside influence which directed and stimulated him in these ambitions was that coming first from his mother, then from his stepmother. These two women, both of them of unusual earnestness and sweetness of spirit, were one or the other of them at his side throughout his youth and young manhood. The ideal they held before him was the simple ideal of the early American, that if a boy is upright and industrious he may aspire to any place within the gift of the country. The boy's instinct told him they were right. Everything he read confirmed their teachings, and he cultivated, in every way open to him, his passion to know and to be something. His zeal in study, his ambition to excel, made their impression on his acquaintances. Even then they pointed him out as a boy who would "make something" of himself. In 1865, thirty-five years after he left Gentryville, Wm. H. Herndon, for many years a law partner of Lincoln, anxious to save all that was known of Lincoln in Indiana, went among his old associates, and with a sincerity and thoroughness worthy of grateful respect, interviewed them. At that time there were still living numbers of the people with whom Lincoln had been brought up. They all remembered something of him. It is curious to note that all of these people tell of his doing something different from what other boys did, some-

thing sufficiently superior to have made a keen impression upon them. In almost every case each person had his own special reason for admiring Lincoln. A facility in making rhymes and writing essays was the admiration of many, who considered it the more remarkable because "essays and poetry were not taught in school," and "Abe took it up on his own account."

Very many of his old neighbors recalled his reading habits and how well stored his own mind was with information. His explanations of natural phenomena were so unfamiliar to his companions that he sometimes was jeered at for them, though as a rule his listeners were sympathetic, taking a certain pride in the fact that one of their number knew as much as Lincoln did. "He was better read than the world knows or is likely to know exactly," said one old acquaintance. "He often and often commented or talked to me about what he had read—and seemed to read it out of the book as he went along—did so with others. He was the learned boy among us unlearned folks. He took great pains to explain; could do it so simply. He was diffident, then, too."

One man was impressed by the character of the sentences Lincoln had given him for a copy-book. "It was considered at that time," said he, "that Abe was the best penman in the

neighborhood. One day, while he was on a visit at my mother's, I asked him to write some copies for me. He very willingly consented. He wrote several of them, but one of them I have never forgotten, although a boy at that time. It was this:

‘Good boys who to their books apply
Will all be great men by and by.’”

His wonderful memory was recalled by many. To save that which he found to his liking in the books he borrowed Lincoln committed much to memory. He knew many long poems, and most of the selections in the “Kentucky Preceptor.” By the time he was twenty-one, in fact, his mind was well stored with verse and prose.

All of his comrades remembered his stories and his clearness in argument. “When he appeared in company,” says Nat Grigsby, “the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks, and conversation. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales, and figures. He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said.” This ability to explain clearly and to illustrate by

simple figures of speech must be counted as the great mental acquirement of Lincoln's boyhood. It was a power which he gained by hard labor. Years later he related his experience to an acquaintance who had been surprised by the lucidity and simplicity of his speeches and who had asked where he was educated.

"I never went to school more than six months in my life," he said, "but I can say this: that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life; but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings.

"I could not sleep, although I tried to, when I got on such a hunt for an idea until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over; until I had put it in a language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have

bounded it north and bounded it south, and bounded it east and bounded it west."

In the spring of 1830, when Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one years old, his father, Thomas Lincoln, decided to leave Indiana. . . .

Abraham drove one of the teams, he tells us, and, according to a story current in Gentryville, he succeeded in doing a fair peddler's business on the route. Captain William Jones, in whose father's store Lincoln had spent so many hours in discussion and in story-telling, and for whom he had worked the last winter he was in Indiana, says that before leaving the state Abraham invested all his money, some thirty-odd dollars, in notions. Though all the country through which they expected to pass was but sparsely settled, he believed he could dispose of them. "A set of knives and forks was the largest item entered on the bill," says Captain Jones; "the other items were needles, pins, thread, buttons, and other little domestic necessities. When the Lincolns reached their new home near Decatur, Illinois, Abraham wrote back to my father stating that he had doubled his money on his purchases by selling them along the road. Unfortunately we did not keep that letter, not thinking how highly we would have prized it in years afterward."

The pioneers were a fortnight on their journey. . . .

The party settled some ten miles west of Decatur, in Macon County. Here John Hanks had the logs already cut for their new home, and Lincoln, Dennis Hanks, and Hall soon had a cabin erected. Mr. Lincoln says in his short autobiography of 1860: "Here they built a log cabin, into which they removed, and made sufficient of rails to fence ten acres of ground, fenced and broke the ground, and raised a crop of sown corn upon it the same year. These are, or are supposed to be, the rails about which so much is being said just now, though these are far from being the first or only rails ever made by Abraham." If they were far from being his "first and only rails," they certainly were the most famous ones he or anybody else ever split.

This was the last work Lincoln did for his father, for in the summer of that year (1830) he exercised the right of majority and started out to shift for himself. When he left his home he went empty-handed. He was already some months over twenty-one years of age, but he had nothing in the world, not even a suit of respectable clothes; and one of the first pieces of work he did was "to split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jeans dyed with white walnut bark that would be necessary to make him a pair of trowsers." He had no trade, no profession, no spot of land, no patron, no influ-

ence. Two things recommended him to his neighbors—he was strong, and he was a good fellow.

His strength made him a valuable laborer. Not that he was fond of hard labor. One of his Indiana employers says: "Abe was no hand to pitch into work like killing snakes," but when he did work, it was with an ease and effectiveness which compensated his employer for the time he spent in practical jokes and extemporaneous speeches. He could lift as much as three ordinary men, and "My, how he would chop!" says Dennis Hanks. "His axe would flash and bite into a sugar tree or sycamore and down it would come. If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin', you would say there was three men at work by the way the trees fell. . . ."

His strength won him popularity, but his good nature, his wit, his skill in debate, his stories were still more efficient in gaining him good-will. People liked to have him around, and voted him a good fellow to work with. Yet such were the conditions of his life at this time that, in spite of his popularity, nothing was open to him but hard manual labor. To take the first job which he happened upon—rail-splitting, ploughing, lumbering, boating, store-keeping—and make the most of it, thankful if thereby he earned his bed and board and yearly suit of jeans, was apparently all there

was before Abraham Lincoln in 1830, when he started out for himself.

Through the summer and fall of 1830 and the early winter of 1831 Mr. Lincoln worked in the vicinity of his father's new home, usually as a farmhand and rail-splitter. Most of his work was done in company with John Hanks. Before the end of the winter he secured employment of which he has given an account himself, though in the third person:

"During that winter Abraham, together with his stepmother's son, John D. Johnston, and John Hanks, yet residing in Macon County, hired themselves to Denton Offutt to take a flatboat from Beardstown, Illinois, to New Orleans, and for that purpose were to join him—Offutt—at Springfield, Illinois, as soon as the snow should go off. When it did go off, which was about the first of March, 1831, the country was so flooded as to make travelling by land impracticable; to obviate which difficulty they purchased a large canoe and came down the Sangamon River in it. This is the time and manner of Abraham's first entrance into Sangamon County. They found Offutt at Springfield, but learned from him that he had failed in getting a boat at Beardstown. This led to their hiring themselves to him for twelve dollars per month each, and getting the timber out of the trees, and building a boat at

old Sangamon town, on the Sangamon River, seven miles northwest of Springfield, which boat they took to New Orleans, substantially on the old contract. . . ."

When the flatboat was finished Lincoln and his friends prepared to leave Sangamon. Before he started, however, he was the hero of an adventure so thrilling that he won new laurels in the community. Mr. Roll, who was a witness of the whole exciting scene, tells the story:

"It was the spring following the winter of the deep snow. Walter Carman, John Seamon, and myself, and at times others of the Carman boys, had helped Abe in building the boat, and when we had finished we went to work to make a dugout, or canoe, to be used as a small boat with the flat. We found a suitable log about an eighth of a mile up the river, and with our axes went to work under Lincoln's direction. The river was very high, fairly 'booming.' After the dugout was ready to launch we took it to the edge of the water, and made ready to 'let her go,' when Walter Carman and John Seamon jumped in as the boat struck the water, each one anxious to be the first to get a ride. As they shot out from the shore they found they were unable to make any headway against the strong current. Carman had the paddle, and Seamon was in the stern of the

boat. Lincoln shouted to them to 'head upstream,' and 'work back to shore,' but they found themselves powerless against the stream. At last they began to pull for the wreck of an old flatboat, the first ever built on the Sangamon, which had sunk and gone to pieces, leaving one of the stanchions sticking above the water. Just as they reached it Seamon made a grab and caught hold of the stanchion, when the canoe capsized, leaving Seamon clinging to the old timber, and throwing Carman into the stream. It carried him down with the speed of a mill-race. Lincoln raised his voice above the roar of the flood, and yelled to Carman to swim for an old tree which stood almost in the channel, which the action of the high water had changed.

"Carman, being a good swimmer, succeeded in catching a branch, and pulled himself up out of the water, which was very cold, and had almost chilled him to death; and there he sat shivering and chattering in the tree. Lincoln, seeing Carman safe, called out to Seamon to let go the stanchion and swim for the tree. With some hesitation he obeyed, and struck out, while Lincoln cheered and directed him from the bank. As Seamon neared the tree he made one grab for a branch, and, missing it, went under the water. Another desperate lunge was successful, and he climbed up beside

Carman. Things were pretty exciting now, for there were two men in the tree, and the boat was gone.

"It was a cold, raw April day, and there was great danger of the men becoming benumbed and falling back into the water. Lincoln called out to them to keep their spirits up and he would save them. The village had been alarmed by this time, and many people had come down to the bank. Lincoln procured a rope and tied it to a log. He called all hands to come and help roll the log into the water, and after this had been done he, with the assistance of several others, towed it some distance up the stream. A daring young fellow by the name of 'Jim' Dorrell then took his seat on the end of the log, and it was pushed out into the current with the expectation that it would be carried downstream against the tree where Seamon and Carman were.

"The log was well directed, and went straight to the tree; but Jim, in his impatience to help his friends, fell a victim to his good intentions. Making a frantic grab at a branch, he raised himself off the log, which was swept from under him by the raging water, and he soon joined the other two victims upon their forlorn perch. The excitement on shore increased, and almost the whole population of the village gathered on the river bank. Lincoln had the log pulled

up the stream and, securing another piece of rope called to the men in the tree to catch it if they could when he should reach the tree. He then straddled the log himself and gave the word to push out into the stream. When he dashed into the tree, he threw the rope over the stump of a broken limb, and let it play until it broke the speed of the log, and gradually drew it back to the tree, holding it there until the three now nearly frozen men had climbed down and seated themselves astride. He then gave orders to the people on the shore to hold fast to the end of the rope which was tied to the log, and leaving his rope in the tree he turned the log adrift. The force of the current, acting against the taut rope, swung the log around against the bank, and all 'on board' were saved. The excited people, who had watched the dangerous experiment with alternate hope and fear, now broke into cheers for Abe Lincoln and praises for his brave act. This adventure made quite a hero of him along the Sangamon, and the people never tired telling of the exploit."

The flatboat built and loaded, the party started for New Orleans about the middle of April. They had gone but a few miles when they met with another adventure. At the village of New Salem there was a mill-dam. On it the boat stuck, and here for nearly twenty-four hours it hung, the bow in the air and the

stern in the water, the cargo slowly setting backward—shipwreck almost certain. The village of New Salem turned out in a body to see what the strangers would do in their predicament. They shouted, suggested, and advised for a time, but finally discovered that one big fellow in the crew was ignoring them and working out a plan of relief. Having unloaded the cargo into a neighboring boat, Lincoln had succeeded in tilting this craft. Then, by boring a hole in the end extending over the dam, the water was let out. This done, the boat was easily shoved over and reloaded. The ingenuity which he had exercised in saving his boat made a deep impression on the crowd on the bank, and it was talked over for many a day. The proprietor of boat and cargo was even more enthusiastic than the spectators, and vowed he would build a steamboat for the Sangamon and make Lincoln the captain. Lincoln himself was interested in what he had done, and nearly twenty years later he embodied his reflections on this adventure in a curious invention for getting boats over shoals.

The raft over the New Salem dam, the party went on to New Orleans, reaching there in May, 1831, and remaining a month. . . .

In this month spent in New Orleans Lincoln must have seen much of slavery. At that time the city was full of slaves, and the number

was constantly increasing; indeed, one third of the New Orleans increase in population between 1830 and 1840 was in negroes. One of the saddest features of the institution was to be seen there in its aggravated form—the slave market. The better class of slaveholders of the South, who looked on the institution as patriarchal, and who guarded their slaves with conscientious care, knew little, it should be said, of this terrible traffic. Their transfer of slaves was humane, but in the open markets of the city it was attended by shocking cruelty and degradation. Lincoln witnessed in New Orleans for the first time the revolting sight of men and women sold like animals. Mr. Herdon says that he often heard Mr. Lincoln refer to his experience.

“In New Orleans for the first time,” he writes, “Lincoln beheld the true horrors of human slavery. He saw ‘negroes in chains—whipped and scourged.’ Against this inhumanity his sense of right and justice rebelled—and his mind and conscience were awakened to a realization of what he had often heard and read. No doubt, as one of his companions had said, ‘slavery ran the iron into him then and there.’ One morning in their rambles over the city the trio passed a slave auction. A vigorous and comely mulatto girl was being sold. She underwent a thorough examination at the hands of

the bidders; they pinched her flesh, and made her trot up and down the room like a horse, to show how she moved, and in order, as the auctioneer said, that 'bidders might satisfy themselves whether the article they were offering to buy was sound or not.' The whole thing was so revolting that Lincoln moved away from the scene with a deep feeling of 'unconquerable hate.' Bidding his companions follow him, he said: 'Boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing' (meaning slavery), 'I'll hit it hard. . . .'

The month in New Orleans passed swiftly, and in June, 1831, Lincoln and his companions took passage up the river. He did not return, however, in the usual condition of the river boatman, "out of a job." According to his own way of putting it, "during this boat-enterprise acquaintance with Offutt, who was previously an entire stranger, he conceived a liking for Abraham, and believing he could turn him to account, he contracted with him to act as a clerk for him on his return from New Orleans, in charge of a store and mill at New Salem. . . ."

Offutt's goods had not arrived when Mr. Lincoln reached New Salem; and he "loafed" about, so those who remember his arrival say, good-naturedly taking a hand in whatever he could find to do, and in his droll way making

friends of everybody. By chance, a bit of work fell to him almost at once, which introduced him generally and gave him an opportunity to make a name in the neighborhood. It was election day. In those days elections in Illinois were conducted by the *viva voce* method. The people did try voting by ballot, but the experiment was unpopular. It required too much form, and in 1829 the former method of voting was restored. The judges and clerks sat at a table with the poll-book before them. The voter walked up and announced the candidate of his choice, and it was recorded in his presence. There was no ticket peddling, and ballot-box stuffing was impossible. The village schoolmaster, Mentor Graham by name, was clerk at this particular election, but his assistant was ill. Looking about for some one to help him, Mr. Graham saw a tall stranger loitering around the polling-place, and called to him: "Can you write?" "Yes," said the stranger, "I can make a few rabbit tracks." Mr. Graham evidently was satisfied with the answer, for he promptly initiated him; and he filled his place not only to the satisfaction of his employer, but also to the delectation of the loiterers about the polls, for whenever things dragged he immediately began "to spin out a stock of Indian yarns." So droll were they that men who listened to Lincoln that day repeated them long

after to their friends. He had made a hit in New Salem to start with, and here, as in Sangamon town, it was by means of his story-telling.

A few days later he accepted an offer to pilot down the Sangamon and Illinois rivers, as far as Beardstown, a flatboat bearing the family and goods of a pioneer bound for Texas. At Beardstown he found Offutt's goods waiting to be taken to New Salem. As he footed his way home he found two men with a wagon and ox-team going for the goods. Offutt had expected Lincoln to wait at Beardstown until the ox-team arrived, and the teamsters, not having any credentials, asked Lincoln to give them an order for the goods. This, sitting down by the roadside, he wrote out; one of the men used to relate that it contained a misspelled word, which he corrected.

When the oxen and their drivers returned with the goods, the store was opened in a little log house on the brink of the hill, almost over the river. . . .

Lincoln showed soon that if he was unwilling to indulge in "woolling and pulling" (fighting) for amusement, he did not object to it in the interests of decency and order. In such a community as New Salem there are always braggarts who can only be made endurable by fear. To them Lincoln soon became an authority more to be respected than sheriff or

constable. If they transgressed in his presence he thrashed them promptly with an imperturbable air, half indolent, but wholly resolute, which was more baffling and impressive than even his iron grip and well-directed blows. A man came into the store one day and began swearing. Now profanity in the presence of women, Lincoln never would allow. He asked the man to stop, but he persisted, loudly boasting that nobody should prevent his saying what he wanted to. The women gone, the man began to abuse Lincoln so hotly that the latter said: "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well whip you as any other man"; and going outdoors with the fellow he threw him on the ground and rubbed smart-weed into his eyes until he bellowed for mercy. New Salem's sense of chivalry was touched, and Denton Offutt's clerk became more of a hero than ever.

His honesty excited no less admiration. Two incidents seem to have particularly impressed the community. Having discovered on one occasion that he had taken six and one quarter cents too much from a customer, he walked three miles that evening, after his store was closed, to return the money. Again, he weighed out a half pound of tea, as he supposed. It was night, and this was the last thing he did before closing up. On entering in the morning

he discovered a four-ounce weight in the scales. He saw his mistake, and, closing up shop, hurried off to deliver the remainder of the tea. This unusual regard for the rights of others soon won him the title of "Honest Abe."

As soon as the store was fairly under way, Lincoln began to look about for books. Since leaving Indiana in March, 1830, he had had in his drifting life little leisure or opportunity for study, though a great deal of observation of men and of life. His experience had made him realize more and more clearly that power over men depends upon knowledge. He had found that he was himself superior to many of those who were called the "great" men of the country. Soon after entering Macon County, in March, 1830, when he was only twenty-one years old, he had found he could make a better speech than at least one man who was before the public. A candidate had come along where he and John Hanks were at work, and as John Hanks tells the story, the man made a speech. "It was a bad one, and I said Abe could beat it. I turned down a box, and Abe made his speech. The other man was a candidate, Abe wasn't. Abe beat him to death, his subject being the navigation of the Sangamon River. The man, after Abe's speech was through, took him aside and asked him where he had learned so much, and how he could do so well. Abe

replied, stating his manner and method of reading, what he had read. The man encouraged him to persevere."

He studied men carefully, comparing himself with them. Could he do what they did? He seems never up to this time to have met one who was incomprehensible to him. "I have talked with great men," he told his fellow-clerk and friend, Greene, "and I do not see how they differ from others." Then he found, too, that people listened to him, that they quoted his opinions, and that his friends were already saying that he was able to fill any position. Offutt even declared the country over that "Abe" knew more than any man in the United States, and that some day he would be President.

When he began to realize that he himself possessed the qualities which made great men in Illinois, that success depended upon knowledge, and that already his friends credited him with possessing more than most members of the community, his ambition was encouraged and his desire to learn increased. Why should he not try for a public position? He began to talk to his friends of his ambition and to devise plans for self-improvement. In order to keep in practice in speaking he walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. "Practising polemics," was what he called the exercise. He seems now for the first time to have begun

to study subjects. Grammar was what he chose. He sought Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, and asked his advice. "If you are going before the public," Mr. Graham told him, "you ought to do it." But where could he get a grammar? There was but one, Mr. Graham said, in the neighborhood, and that was six miles away. Without waiting for further information the young man rose from the breakfast table, walked immediately to the place, and borrowed this rare copy of Kirkham's Grammar. From that time on for weeks he gave every moment of his leisure to mastering the contents of the book. Frequently he asked his friend Greene to "hold the book" while he recited, and, when puzzled by a point, he would consult Mr. Graham.

Lincoln's eagerness to learn was such that the whole neighborhood became interested. The Greenes lent him books, the schoolmaster kept him in mind and helped him as he could, and the village cooper let him come into his shop and keep up a fire of shavings sufficiently bright to read by at night. It was not long before the grammar was mastered. "Well," Lincoln said to his fellow-clerk, Greene, "if that's what they call a science, I think I'll go at another."

Before the winter was ended he had become the most popular man in New Salem. Although he was but twenty-two years of age, in

February, 1832, had never been at school an entire year in his life, had never made a speech except in debating clubs and by the roadside, had read only the books he could pick up, and known only the men who made up the poor, out-of-the-way towns in which he had lived, "encouraged by his great popularity among his immediate neighbors," as he says himself, he decided to announce himself, in March, 1832, as a candidate for the General Assembly of the State. . . .

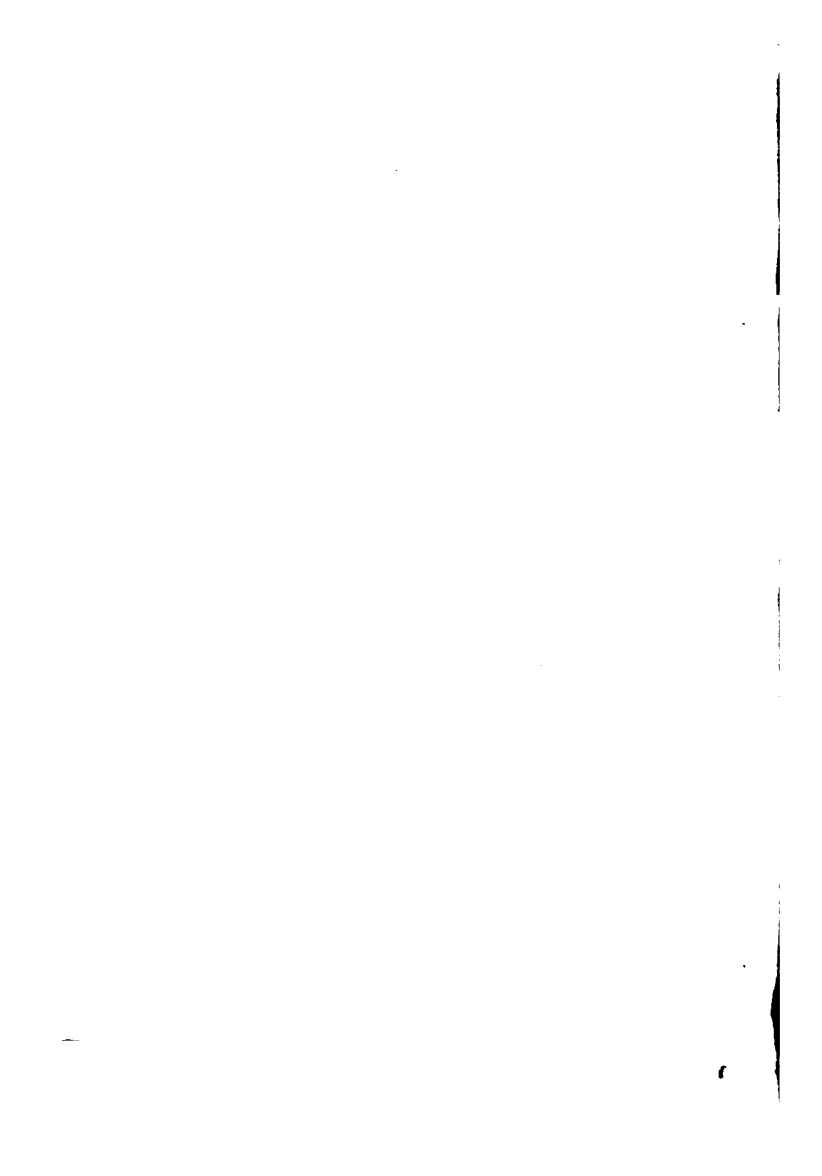
The audacity of a young man in his position presenting himself as a candidate for the legislature is fully equalled by the humility of the closing paragraphs of his announcement:

"But, fellow-citizens, I shall conclude. Considering the great degree of modesty which should always attend youth, it is probable I have already been more presuming than becomes me. However, upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regard to any or all of them; but, holding it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong, so soon as I discover my opinions to be erroneous, I shall be ready to renounce them.

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as

that of being truly esteemed of my fellowmen, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and, if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But, if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

ULYSSES S. GRANT
(1822-1885)



ULYSSES S. GRANT*

THE SON OF AN OHIO TANNER WHO BECAME
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND ONE OF
THE GREATEST SOLDIERS OF HIS TIME

AT EIGHT years of age Ulysses began to drive a team and to break bark into the hopper of the bark-mill, which was precisely like a big coffee-mill, put in action by a horse attached to a circling sweep. Into a big iron hopper it was the boy's duty to break the long slabs of bark with a mallet. The strips as they came from the woods were several feet in length, and in order to reach the grinding machinery they needed to be broken into chunks four or five inches long. This was wearisome business, especially when the pawpaws were ripe and the hawk was indolently floating on the western wind. The mill stood under a shed where there was nothing to see, and, besides, the boy doing the work was obliged to keep his head out of the way of the sweep, and to see that the horse kept a steady gait. "If you stopped to

*From Hamlin Garland's "Ulysses S. Grant, His Life and Character." Doubleday, Page & Co.

think how many strips were ahead of you the thought was appalling."

Breaking bark did not please Ulysses so well as driving the team which hauled the bark from the woods, and he escaped it in every way possible. When his father said to him, "We shall have to go to grinding bark," he would rise "without saying a word, and start straight for the village, to get a load to haul or passengers to carry, or something or other to do, and hire a boy to come and grind the bark." He was sometimes able to persuade the girls to help him by exalting the privilege, in the way of Tom Sawyer, and by earnestly detailing the need there was of his riding on the sweep behind the horse. This was great generalship, and across the space of half a century his girl playmates still remember his roguish triumph. He was always on hand, also, when the wheat was being threshed, or for any work in which there was a chance to ride a horse.

All around him, during those years, the mighty battle with the forest went on. Axes rang incessantly; trees crashed and fell; columns of smoke rose to the sky at midday, and splendid fires glowed at night. It was like the attack of brownies on a chained and helpless army of giants. The steam sawmill had not yet added its devouring teeth to the destruction of the trees; it was mainly hand-work. Ulysses took

active part in this devastation. He helped strip the bark from the oaks and set fire to the stumps and the heaps of branches. He drove team when the bark was carried to the mill, and he lent a hand to roll the useless logs into piles to be burned. There was something splendid in this activity, while the tannery grew more and more repulsive to him, and secretly he made up his mind never to be a tanner. He would grind bark in the yard, if need were, but to scrape hides, or even handle them, was out of the question. He never came nearer to being a tanner than this.

About a mile to the west of the village square a little stream called White Oak Creek runs through a deep coulée, or valley. In those days the stream was a strong, swift current, and there were mills for grinding corn and wheat located along its banks; and the farmers came in caravans from the clearings far to the north with grain to be ground, and at night they camped like an army-corps in the splendid open forest of the bottom-lands. It was a beautiful experience for the boys of Georgetown to see these campfires gleaming all over the lowlands, to hear the mules and horses call for supper, to see the smoke curling up, and to hear the hearty talk and laughter of the men. This was a favorite playing-ground for the boys, and Ulysses longed to join these caravans.

The creek was full of fish at that time. There were swimming-holes, which became skating-ponds in due season, and all good things to eat grew on these bottom-lands. Then, too, the teams filed past on their way to Higginsport with their flour to load on the flatboats bound for New Orleans. It all had mystery and allurements in it, and one of the strongest passions Ulysses Grant felt at this time was the wish to travel—to go down the Ohio River and see where the water went to; to go up the river and find where the flatboats came from. He said little of this longing, for he was trained to hide his emotions.

Ten years of careful management made Jesse Grant one of the well-to-do citizens of the town. He had a comfortable brick house, he wore gold-bowed glasses, and he possessed a carriage. Most people went afoot or on horseback in that day, but he had a driving outfit, which Ulysses began to use when a mere child. "At eight and a half years he had become a regular teamster," his father states, "and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses all alone from Georgetown, where he lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring home a load of passengers."

His father did not insist on his working about the bark-mill, provided he obtained a substitute,

and readily enough intrusted Ulysses with a team, and was quite willing for him to have a horse of his own. Indeed, he allowed him to manage the horses and take part in the farming. Chilton White, one of his playmates, remembers that he was always busy. "He was a stout, rugged boy, with a good deal of sleight in his work with a team. He liked horses, and always kept his span fat and slick."

When Ulysses was in his twelfth year a travelling phrenologist confirmed the father in his belief in his son's great ability. Of this famous incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus:

When Ulysses was about twelve years old the first phrenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country came to the neighborhood. He awakened a good deal of interest in the science, and was prevailed upon to remain there for some time. One Dr. Buckner, who was rather inclined to be officious on most occasions, in order to test the accuracy of the phrenologist, asked him if he would be blindfolded and examine a head. This was at one of his public lectures. The phrenologist replied that he would. So they blindfolded him, and brought Ulysses forward to have his head examined.

He felt it all over for some time, saying, apparently to himself: "It is no very common

head! It is an extraordinary head!" At length Dr. Buckner broke in to ask whether the boy would be likely to distinguish himself in mathematics.

"Yes," said the phrenologist; "in mathematics, or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States." This made an ineffaceable impression upon the father, and confirmed him in his belief that his son Ulysses was a child of destiny.

The village version of the incident is quite different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a strain of singular guilelessness in Jesse Grant. He was credulous and simple—in the old meaning of the word "simple."

According to their report, Dr. Buckner was only putting up a practical joke on his neighbor Grant. As the timid and blushing Ulysses was pushed forward to the platform the crowd began to titter, and the quick-witted lecturer seized upon the situation. It was to him another numskull son of a doting father. As he muttered to himself the crowd roared with delight. He spoke over this boy's head the same word of prophecy he had used in a hundred similar cases. It was a perfectly successful joke. The father believed the cheering to be in honor of his son. Ridicule made no difference with him; he stuck to his faith unshakably.

His faith, moreover, expressed itself in deeds. He sent Ulysses to school, in face of much discouragement. Being mindful of his own lack of education, and believing in his son, Jesse Grant was always an active supporter of the teacher. At a time when "book-l'arnin'" was at a sad discount, and when every hand was needed to make a living, the indomitable tanner kept his son in school, not letting him miss a day, thus setting his grim lips firmly in the face of derision.

Mrs. Grant's sweetness and strength of character kept her one of the best-beloved women of the town, while her husband's outspoken, dogmatic opinions upon all public policies made him to be both disliked and respected.

He was withal a sober man and an honorable man, and Mrs. Grant was considered a fortunate woman by her neighbors because her husband was "such a good provider." The Grant house was considered one of the best furnished in the neighborhood. Mrs. Grant acquiesced in the plans to make Ulysses a great man, and through her efforts he was always nicely dressed and ready for school. How much further her love went she gave little sign.

The feeling against Jesse Grant on the part of the pro-slavery element developed rancor on the part of many of the village boys toward Ulysses, and he suffered thereby not a little. According to the tales of old residents, the

boys "were always laying for him," and stories are still current in Georgetown which are calculated to make him out a stupid lad. Of such is the famous horse-trade story wherein Ulysses is said to have raised his own bid two points without waiting for answer on the part of the seller.

In spite of these stories, it appears that the boys who knew him best had a high regard for him. He had a way of doing things which commanded respect. He had travelled a great deal—he had been to Cincinnati, to Maysville, and to Louisville on business for his father—and he had a team to drive just as if it were his own. These things entitled him to a certain respect on the part of his comrades.

"There were, in fact, two sets of boys in the town, one very rough, and one very quiet set—that is to say, well-meaning; for while they were full of fun and noise, they were good, clean boys; they did not use liquor or tobacco; and it was to this company that Ulysses belonged. It was his habit to associate with boys older than himself, and this, with his staid demeanor, made him seem older than his years."

He seldom did anything which could even be called thoughtless. "He was the soul of honor," another playmate bears witness.

At ten years of age he had become a remarkable teamster. He amazed his companions by his ability to manage and train horses.

There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wishes. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace, apparently at will. He would do any honorable thing in order to ride or drive a fine horse.

When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust, one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring, and ask some lively footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days, and I tried to catch the kangaroo, to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy, and not a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat bay pony, with no mane, and nothing at all to hang to. Ulysses looked on for a while, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said: 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked, and did every-

thing he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat, and paid the five dollars which he had promised to the boy who would ride him. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing round: 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'

There are stories, also, which seem to illustrate his fertility of resource in practical affairs and others to show his pertinacity of purpose.

He was a successful farmer, and liked it very much; in fact, his life was nearer that of a farmer's boy than a tanner's son. He was thrifty, too. "While the other boys were at play he was earning a quarter." All testimony points to his being a very busy and resourceful boy. He always had pocket-money earned by teaming. He worked willingly and steadily at hauling, breaking bark, and plowing.

When he was not at work about the tannery or farm, he was conveying travellers to Ripley, to Maysville, to Higginsport, to West Union, or to Cincinnati. In this way he earned enough money to buy a horse of his own. Once, when he was about thirteen years of age, he took a couple of lawyers across country to Toledo. Everybody was astonished to think Uncle Jesse would trust his boy on such a long trip.

"Aren't you afraid he'll get into trouble on the way?"

"Oh, no," replied the proud sire; "he'll take care of himself."

To understand to the full the resolution and good judgment required on this trip of several hundred miles, it must be remembered that in 1835 there were few pikes or bridges, and the streams were much deeper to ford than now. Jesse often sent his son to make collections or to transact important business. The boy certainly did not lack for employment, and yet, in the midst of teaming, grinding bark, and going to school, he found time to have a little fun.

It was a good boy's country. It produced not merely great trees, and corn, and wheat: it produced pawpaws, and grapes, and May-apples, and blackberries, and hickory-nuts, and beechnuts, and all kinds of forage for boys. These things, in due season, they plucked and hoarded; in the alert seriousness of squirrels or young savages. Ulysses was often of these parties, and in winter many pleasant evenings were spent before the hearth, cracking nuts, in company with the White or Marshall boys. He could swim well, but was a poor fisherman; he could play ball fairly well, and he could ride standing on one foot upon the back of a galloping horse. In winter-time he was a daring and much-admired coaster down the steep street which fell away sharply from the square and ran past the tanyard and the Grant homestead. It is

a fine country to coast in, with many long, curving slopes of road running under magnificent trees, and past clumps of brush, and over bridges.

He was a great favorite with the girls, though he was not a demonstrative lover. He was kind and considerate of them, never rude and boisterous, and never derisive. "He was one of the few boys who had a team and sleigh at their disposal, and he took the girls a-sleighing," sitting silently in the midst of their shrieking and chatter. He never teased children younger than himself, or tortured animals. So runs the testimony of the women who knew him as a boy. He had the effect always of being a good listener, and was counted good company, though never an entertainer. "He was more like a grown person than a boy."

He was at fifteen a good-looking boy, with a large head, strong, straight nose, quiet gray-blue eyes, and flexible lips. He was short and sturdy, with fine hands and feet. "He was not a brilliant boy, but he was a good boy," "a refined boy," "the soul of honor." "He never swore nor used vulgar words, and he was notably considerate and unselfish." There is little record of his fighting.

Of his education in Georgetown little can be said. He had been schooled of nature and by work and play, but up to his fourteenth year he had attended only the winter session of

John D. White's subscription school, which "took up" in a long low brick building standing on a knoll to the south of the town. Schools in country towns of that day were not taken very seriously by most of the citizens. To be able to read and write and cipher was considered very fair attainment. There were those, it is true, who wished their sons and daughters to study Lindley Murray and higher mathematics, but such ambitions were considered of questionable virtue. Ulysses was a quiet boy at school. "He never whispered or spoke in a low voice as if afraid to be heard."

He won the admiration of his classmates in drawing. "He could draw a horse and put a man on him." He was strong also in mathematics—would not let his classmates show him the way to do problems, but always wanted to work them out himself. A certain wordlessness and lack of dash, together with a peculiar guilelessness, drew upon him the ridicule of the rude. His language was so simple and bare of all slang and profanity that it seemed poor and weak to his comrades. He suffered a certain persecution during all his days in Georgetown.

ULYSSES GOES TO BOARDING-SCHOOL

Jesse Grant was a close reckoner in ordinary dealings, but he was more liberal with his son

than most fathers of the village; and the winter that Ulysses was fourteen he sent him to school in Maysville, a larger town just across the river, in Kentucky, fifteen or twenty miles from Georgetown. This was done in the hope that something a little better might be had in the way of schooling.

No doubt the boy gladly accepted the opportunity, for Maysville was a city to him, and, besides, there were the steamboats, the beautiful river, and the wharves with their daily passenger and freight traffic. It was an old town, filled with houses of the old English type, such as Boston and Baltimore have in their older streets. It was a straggling town, extending along the sloping bank between the river and the bluffs behind. It was on slave soil, but it was not without its anti-slavery element even at that day. Jesse Grant, it is said, helped to found the first abolition society in Kentucky, in 1823.

It was a finer place for a boy's life than Georgetown. There were boating, swimming, and fishing in summer, and beautiful skating and superb coasting in winter. Of his life in Maysville we know little; but his old teacher and some of his classmates remember him well as a very quiet, pleasant boy. The vicious side of life never seemed to attract him, and he did nothing to set himself distinctively above

or below his fellows. Richeson, his teacher, was a college-bred man of liberal tastes, and his methods as a teacher were peculiar and original. He made a strong and gracious impression on young Grant, who "ranked high in all his classes, and his deportment was exceptionally good."

While attending the Maysville Seminary Ulysses boarded with the family of his uncle, Peter Grant, who was largely engaged in the salt trade.

An old book containing the records of the Philomathean Society of Maysville, Kentucky, has something recorded of young Grant. Apparently he entered the club for the first time at its thirty-third meeting, January 3, 1837, and took a prominent part at once. By a curious coincidence, the question for this first evening was, "*Resolved*, That the Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa Aña his liberty." In the names of the debaters this night there appears on the record "H. U. Grant." He was on the affirmative side. He was on the affirmative side at the thirty-fourth meeting, with this question, "*Resolved*, That females wield greater influence in society than males." The affirmative side won in this case as well as in the other. At the thirty-fifth meeting his name appears on the affirmative of the question (a very vital one at that time), "*Resolved*, That it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves

at this time." Again he was on the winning side.

At the thirty-sixth meeting the name appears "U. Grant" on the affirmative side of the resolution, "That intemperance is a greater evil than war."

At the thirty-seventh meeting "Mr. Grant" submitted the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he is placed." On this same evening he was elected, together with his friends A. H. Markland and W. Richeson, as a member of the committee. He also took part in the debate on the question, "*Resolved*, That Socrates was right in not escaping when the prison doors were opened to him." He took the affirmative, and it was again the successful side.

At the thirty-eighth meeting Ulysses Grant and E. M. Richeson were appointed to declaim at the next meeting. He was again on the affirmative side of the debate on the question, "*Resolved*, That the writer deserves more praise than the orator."

At the thirty-ninth meeting we find this significant line: "First declaim by E. M. Richeson; second, the roll being called, U. Grant was found to be absent."

His name appears on the question, "*Resolved*, That Columbus deserves more praise for discov-

ering America than Washington did for defending it." He took the negative side of this question.

He was on the negative side, at the forty-second meeting, on the question, "*Resolved, That America can boast of as great men as any other nation,*" March 27, 1837.

Grant's name does not appear in the records of the debating society after March, 1837; the probabilities are that he returned home to put in the crop.

There was a fine flavor about this society. It had a Latin motto, and debated the most weighty questions that the world has ever grappled with. It would seem from its records that Grant was a willing debater, but that he would rather pay six and a quarter cents fine than declaim. He was prominent in nine meetings, and, so far as we know, was an active member.

However, his was not a nature that showed its hidden powers early, and he returned to Georgetown the next spring, not very much changed in looks or habits. He remained in Georgetown during the ensuing year, sharing the life and amusements of its best young people attending the village school in the winter.

Of indoor amusements there were few. The better class of people in the village took a serious, if not sombre, view of life. Dancing was prohibited; the fiddle was seldom heard. There

were no musical instruments, and little singing, save of wailing hymns and droning psalms. As the walls were bare of ornament, so the souls of these people were without color of art or charm of poesy. Intelligence they had, and probity and power, but not grace. However, each year liberalized them appreciably, and the usual rustic social pleasures—bussing-bees, par-sing bees, spelling-bees, and the like—came in.

Books were almost unknown, except volumes of sermons or religious essays. The school-books of the day were the English Reader, the Columbian Orator, Comstock's Philosophy, and Comstock's Arithmetic. The readers were filled with strenuously ethical essays, and tremendously bombastic orations, and very dry blank verse. It was all very far removed from southern Ohio colloquialisms. On the bureau of the Grant sitting-room, it is remembered, there stood a little cabinet containing possibly thirty books. What these were there is no tradition to tell. Presumably they were not of fine literature*, though Jesse Grant was naturally a lover of reading. Such books as came his way he read with care.

*One of these was probably the famous old Weems "Life of Washington," for Jesse Grant speaks of Ulysses reading the "Life of Washington" at about seven years of age. The lad was not much of a reader, however. "He cared more for horses than for books."

He attended the Methodist Church, though hardly so devoted in his religious life as his wife. Neither of them, however, could in their hearts completely sanction the barbarisms of the church of that day, which allowed of "shouting" and "frenzy." The "jerks" and "falling" were common when sinners were "smit by the Lord Almighty's power." Religion was not merely serious, it was tragic, in those days; the shadow of the Reformation still hung above it. "Hannah Grant was deeply religious, but very tolerant." She never interfered with any rational and proper amusement of her children.

Ulysses, being a healthy-minded boy, recoiled from the frenzy of the "revival," and there is no evidence that it made any other impression upon him than one of fear or astonishment. His mother's gentle creed and spotless life, however, he felt ineffaceably. There is no record that either father or mother ever used any strong effort to induce him to join the church, though they insisted on his recognition of the Sabbath. His home life was pleasant. "I never received a harsh word or suffered an unjust act from my father or mother," he once said; and it is a good deal to say of any parents.

His sixteenth year was spent at home in Georgetown, beloved by his playmates, and happy in his activity with team and plow. His

only bugbear was the beam-room, where the reeking hides are stretched and scraped. It is a repulsive place to a sensitive person, and Ulysses expected to be called soon to take his place there. He was growing toward a man's capacities—indeed, he was more capable than most men already—and the grim-lipped father was pondering upon the son's future. This Ulysses saw, but waited, as was his habit, for the other person to speak.

One day they were short of hands in the tannery, and Jesse said:

"Ulysses, you'll have to go into the beam-room and help me to-day."

Ulysses reluctantly followed, for thus far he had escaped that work. As he walked beside his father he said:

"Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I'll work at it, though," he sturdily added, "if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one; but you may depend upon it, I'll never work a day longer at it after that."

Jesse Grant, being a reasonable man, immediately replied:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it *now*, if you don't like it, and don't mean to stick to it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now, what do you think you would like?"

"I'd like to be a farmer, or a down-the-river

trader, or get an education." He put the education last, in his modest way.

The little farm on which Ulysses had been working in years past was rented out, and down-the-river trading hardly pleased the father, and times being very close, he didn't see how he could send the boy away to school. He thought of West Point, and said:

"How would you like West Point? You know, the education is free there, and the government supports the cadets. How would you like to go there?"

"First-rate," Ulysses promptly replied.

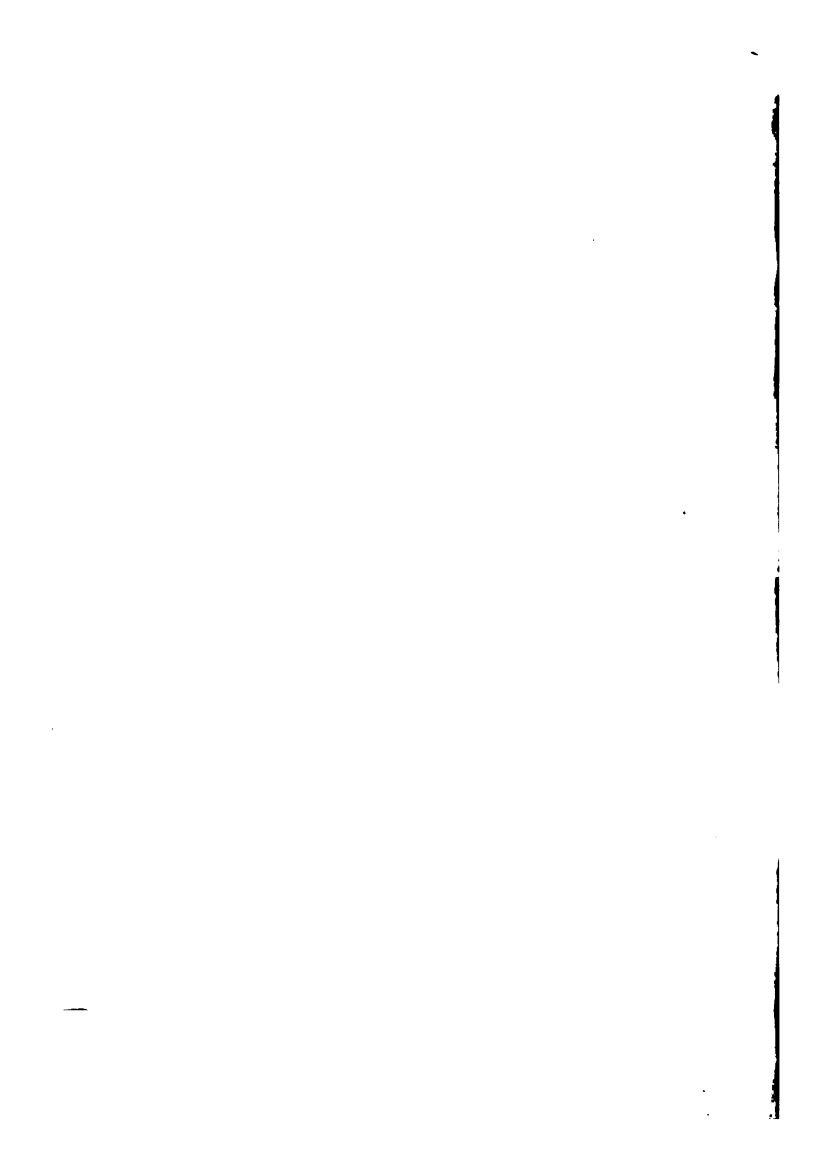
His life thus far had been such as makes a boy older than his years, but it had not given him much in way of preparation for West Point, and it is probable that he did not really imagine himself a successful candidate for the appointment. He said little about the plan, for he had suffered too keenly from the ridicule of his playmates, who made a never-ending mock of his father's prophecy of his son's future greatness. There seems no doubt of this, though he never alluded to it. Undoubtedly this constant derision added to his reticence and apparent dullness.

Even at fifteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan, or started upon any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of th

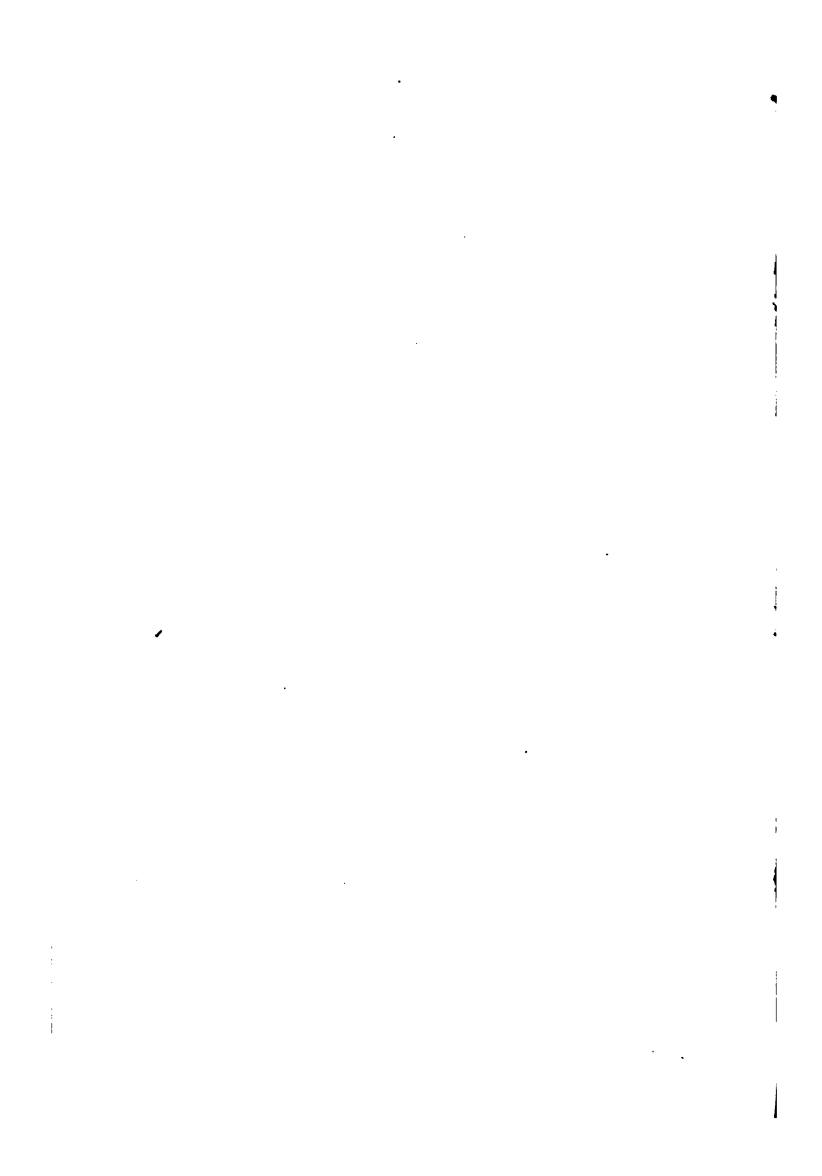
lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always, a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the task. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy, as the stories of his neighbors show. Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, however, went far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was. One measure of greatness they always had in these small towns—*oratory*, "gab." If a man was able to make a speech he became at once a man of mark. If a boy could declaim or debate well he was called brilliant; conversely, one who could not was "ordinary."

In the small minds of envious people, a boy of thirteen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country, and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered, or lied, or swore, or quarrelled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things, without resorting to trick or mere memory—such a boy was stupid, dull, and common-

place. That Ulysses was not showy or easily valued as a talker was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, his native judgment; and in his knowledge of things at first hand.



JAMES A. GARFIELD
(1831-1881)



JAMES A. GARFIELD

FROM CHOPPING-BLOCK TO COLLEGE

As ONE of our trinity of so-called martyred Presidents, Garfield will always be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance. But for yet another reason his memory will ever be green in the hearts of the common people. He was, *par excellence*, "a poor boy who became famous."

The few months which he spent upon the towpath were to bring him a rich return in popular fame and regard. Other incidents in his early career were undoubtedly more creditable and more important, but none—not even his mighty woodchopping—was so *picturesque*; and everybody knows that the *picturesque* hero is *ipso facto* doubly heroic. But there are many good "pictures" in this determined man's early career.

Who can forget his struggle with the first six lines of "Cæsar" on entering Hiram College?

*But to return to James, who kept on going

*From "Life of General James A. Garfield," by J. M. Bundy. Barnes, 1881.

to school and devouring what story books he could pick up. He and his cousin, Harriet Boynton, read "Robinson Crusoe" over and over again. He read and mastered "Josephus" when he was about twelve, and was wild over a story of the adventures of a man travelling down the Mississippi. When he was about fourteen he read Goodrich's "History of the United States," and so thoroughly were all its facts impressed on his plastic mind that he can now quote freely its statistics of the American and British losses in most of the battles recorded. Having so few books, the study of them was intensified. Even a so-called poetical "History of the United States," by a fellow named Eggleston, was committed to memory. But the exciting romance of "Jack Hallyard" set the boy's imagination on fire and enkindled the passion for the sea that was to be worked out on the towpath of a canal, and the story of "Alonzo and Melissa" captivated his imagination. Most of this reading was done at night, after his mother had retired, and with her permission.

But all this did not interfere with rapid and thorough work in school. By the time James was fourteen he had completed Pike's Arithmetic and got into Kirkham's Grammar. Then came Denham's Arithmetic, which he mastered, and about that time he began "declamations"

at school. All this while, too, he made himself useful at home, not only by doing "chores," but by work on the farm of all sorts, including mowing. At fifteen he was a large boy, strong and athletic, inspired, too, by the traditions of his father's wrestling. He was too thoroughly good-natured to be quarrelsome, but he had imbibed the notion, not that it was a disgrace to be an orphan, but that other boys who had fathers and "big brothers" had, somehow, an advantage over him and were inclined to "run over" him, and every sign of this he resented, and fought instantly and "to hurt" no matter against what odds of strength or numbers, until he got the name of being "a fighting boy," which was a great grief to his mother.

By the time he was fifteen he had absorbed a large amount of peculiar literature. Two sorts of books had a special fascination for him—those that had accounts of wars, especially American, and those that described sea life in any form. About that period he began to "work out" away from home, especially in summer. When he was fourteen or fifteen he worked at boiling "black salts," from the ashes of burned logs. He got nine dollars a month and was boarded. Then he worked in "haying" a season, and took a two-year-old colt for pay—money being rarely paid. All he earned went

into the common stock. It was the pride and joy of all the children to get "Mother" something, if they could, but it was not much that she would suffer them to do in this way. She was very simple in her tastes and attire, although she always had the "knack" of putting on things that would look well.

In the summer when James was sixteen he worked at haying at "full men's rates," a dollar a day, which was the largest pay he ever got for his manual labor. When the haying was over he went to Newburgh, now a part of Cleveland, and found that his father's brother Thomas wanted some wood chopped. James took the contract to chop a hundred cords, four-foot wood, at twenty-five cents a cord, a formidable undertaking for the most resolute boy. He stuck to it manfully until the last cord was chopped. He could "put up" readily two cords a day, so that he cleared about half a dollar a day, as he was boarded. This long and hard job was done near Newburgh, on a height whence he could see the fascinating blue waters of Lake Erie, and, in his intervals of rest, as he would straighten up, he could see that blue segment of the lake, and occasionally a steamer, and all his wild notions of sea-faring life that the books had enkindled set his fancy on fire.

His wood-chopping seemed dreadfully dull and prosaic, but he had a feeling that it was

disgraceful to back out of anything he had undertaken, and he stuck to his task.

As soon as it was done, however, he went to Cleveland, bent on shipping as a hand before the mast. He boarded a vessel, found some drunken sailors, and a captain who looked a drunken beast; was shocked, and turned away and walked off—partly disillusionized, not wholly. He happened to meet a cousin whom he knew merely by sight, and who was running a canal boat. The cousin asked him if he did not want to drive horses for him. The offer was accepted, for it flashed on young Garfield's quick mind that he could make the canal work a primary school, the lake the academy, and the ocean the college. So began his canal-boat experience, which has been sufficiently and in some cases extravagantly exploited. It came along naturally, without accident or any merely wild notion of adventure, and James went through it rough and tumble, like the brave and lusty youth he was, for three months, when he got paid ten dollars a month and board. Not through any fault of his own, he had several fights, and invariably came off better than his antagonist. The one feature of this singular experience, which was of special value to him afterward, was his learning to steer, and something about the navigation of the Ohio River—an experience that served him in the army when

he saved his command in eastern Kentucky from starving, by piloting a boat sent for supplies, when no professional on hand would undertake the perilous duty. He stood at the wheel for forty-four hours out of forty-eight, and saved his boat from being wrecked. When he returned to his command with a load of supplies his men were eating their last crackers. Until this time his wise and devoted wife was never able to understand why Providence had put her James through his canal experience. Then she said—as though everything in his life ought to have some great significance—“I see what your life on the canal meant, now.” With which wise wifely view all sensible people who realize Garfield’s great mission will agree.

Providence having quite other ends for young Garfield to achieve than could be accomplished even on the ocean, that had been his ultimate conception of an arena for his energies, his canal experiment resulted in an attack of fever. He was carried home to his mother almost delirious, and there, for five months of illness, her wise and long-reaching love began to mould his destiny, by gentle and insidious, but holy, craft, to higher uses than he had dreamed of. She knew well enough that it would not do for her to stand right in front of that strong will of his. She did far better. She had no word or look of reproof for his having gone off and in-

curred a serious illness, in gratifying what she regarded as a foolish and wicked love of adventure. She was merely the incomparable nurse—quiet, patient, loving. As soon as James got able to read she scoured the neighborhood for books that would lead his mind into wholesome channels. She got a school-teacher by the name of Bates, now a prominent teacher, to come over and see him, and the teacher would instruct him in the new problems in arithmetic, and so occupy his mind. Bates became an intellectual stimulus to the sick boy that long winter. The mother had conspired with Bates to get him to want to go to the Geauga Seminary, not far away, and both worked artfully together to that end. Finally, as the opening of the school term drew near, the astute mother said, "James, you are not fit to go back to the lake now. Your health is too much broken. You will break right down again. Thomas and I have talked it over, and we have raised seventeen dollars, which will be pretty nearly enough to pay the necessary money expenses of your going over to Chester to school." She had also arranged with her sister to have two of her boys go, so as to have the three "club together" and board themselves with the supplies they could take. "But," she adroitly added, "if you feel still determined to go on the lake, why, go over there to school this

year, and by that time I hope your health will be restored. Then, if you go to work in haying or carpentering"—for James had already learned the latter in building a house for his mother—"you will make enough to go in the fall term, and then I think you can teach district school; and, if you want to, you can sail on the lake summers, and when the lake is frozen over you can teach school."

She knew how to guide her young Viking without showing her purpose. The idea of earning something and being somebody came in on him like a passion, for he had felt bitterly his dependence, and all his hard earnings had gone to pay doctor's bills, even his colt. Against this penniless dependence his whole soul revolted. And so the mother conquered, and the destiny of the son, from that date to now, had been rapidly upward. To Geauga Seminary he would go, and "Mother" Garfield's heart was full of joy.

Thus in the spring of his eighteenth year, March, 1849, James and his two cousins, well provisioned, went ten miles over to Chester to get all they could out of the Geauga Seminary, an institution founded and supported by the "Free Will Baptists." They rented a room with a cook-stove and two beds, in a cheap old house, partly tenanted by a poor widow, who contracted to do their cooking

and washing at very low rates. The academy itself was considerable of an institution for the time and place, and was enriched by the possession of a library of about one hundred and fifty volumes, which latter fact startled and delighted young Garfield. But he soon made another discovery in the school, the importance of which dawned on him only very gradually, and which turned out to be the greatest discovery of his lifetime. He found there a modest, studious, somewhat reserved girl, of about his own age, named Lucretia Rudolph. He only met her, however, in recitations, and as he felt "green" and awkward, and she was absorbed mostly in her studies, the acquaintance was, for some time, without opportunities or provocations for anything more.

When the term closed James went to work haying, and took a job with a carpenter. There was a house to be built in Chester, and he got the job of cutting out the siding at two cents a board. He went back to the fall term and fought his way through to the end of the year, paying all his expenses, and having a few dollars left. He then presented himself for examination to get a certificate to teach school, which he readily obtained, and taught his first district school, beginning two weeks before he was eighteen. He received twelve dollars a month and "boarded around."

He had some tough customers to manage in this school. There were several boys in it with more brawn than brains, who conceived it to be their chief duty and pleasure to bully the schoolmaster. He labored under the special disadvantage of teaching in the school district next to where he had been born and brought up, and where everybody knew him as "Jim" Garfield. The winter before the teacher had been turned out by the boys—that is, his position was made so hot that he was glad to leave. There was constant skirmishing between the "big boys" and young Garfield for about a fortnight, until one of them flatly refused to obey, and Garfield whipped him. As the mutineer was returning to his seat he caught a heavy billet of wood, and turned, without Garfield's knowledge, when the latter heard a shriek from the scholars, looked around, and saw the big club, held in both hands, falling on his head, with a force that might well have proved fatal had not Garfield thrown up his arm and warded it off. His arm was nearly broken, but with the other he threw the mutineer so that he fell on his back; then jerked him on his feet, seized and threw him, put his knee on his breast and hand on his throat, and said: "Now, sir, I shall whip you until one of two things occurs: either till you die or until you absolutely submit to the order." Then

he gave the scholar a series of heavy blows until he surrendered. And as there were several large boys who seemed to be in conspiracy with the flogged ringleader, Garfield added: "If there is any scholar here who expects, at any time, to make any sort of disturbance, come on now and settle here." The school was quiet and orderly for the rest of the winter. It was "Jim" Garfield no longer, but "the master."

During that winter Garfield did a good deal of reading. Pollock's "Course of Time" impressed him very much, and he learned it nearly all by heart. It was during that winter that he fell under the influence of a "Disciples" preacher who held forth in the little schoolhouse. The preacher was a good, solid old man, the incarnation of good sense, and had something about him that touched the young schoolmaster. For some years previous the latter had been somewhat "offish" on the subject of religion; felt the irksomeness of its pressure, and absented himself from church. A strange feeling came over him that this plain old preacher had come to get hold of a life that was likely to run to waste. The preacher touched his sympathies and moved his heart. He "came out," made a profession of religion, and was baptized in the faith of his mother. He was then a few months past eighteen. To

use the General's own language: "Of course, that settled canal, and lake, and sea, and everything." A new life, with new thoughts and ambitions, dawned on him. He resolved at once that he would have the best education that it was in the power of work to give. With this high purpose he went back to Chester and began his new life. He remained there during the spring and next fall, making four terms at Chester, and taught again, the next winter, getting \$16 dollars a month.

By that time the institution at Hiram, which was the product, mainly, of the educational zeal and liberality of the "Disciples," was being started, and the fresh enthusiasm it called out drew Garfield to it, as, later on, the Republican Party, in its fresh enthusiasms, called him to it.

Hiram, and the institution which has been known under the successive names of the "Hiram Eclectic Institute" and "Hiram College," deserves a separate chapter. The spontaneous outgrowth from a community that was exceptionally devoted to every attainable means of intellectual and religious culture, it also largely owed its inspiration to that great-minded teacher and apostle, Alexander Campbell, who was not only an educational zealot, but whose original and powerful mind impressed itself on all his more enlightened followers as no other mind, in recent times, that I know of, has im-

pressed itself. Hiram, from the beginning, was more a hive of busy, earnest, and coöperative workers after knowledge than a mere "institute" or "college." To Garfield it offered opportunities and incitements to development of both brain and heart such as no other place would have given. He could there be both pupil and teacher. An atmosphere of wholesome and cheerful religious enthusiasm and of pure domestic life pervaded the place. There, too, he came to know thoroughly the hard-working and proficient student who was to be his wife.

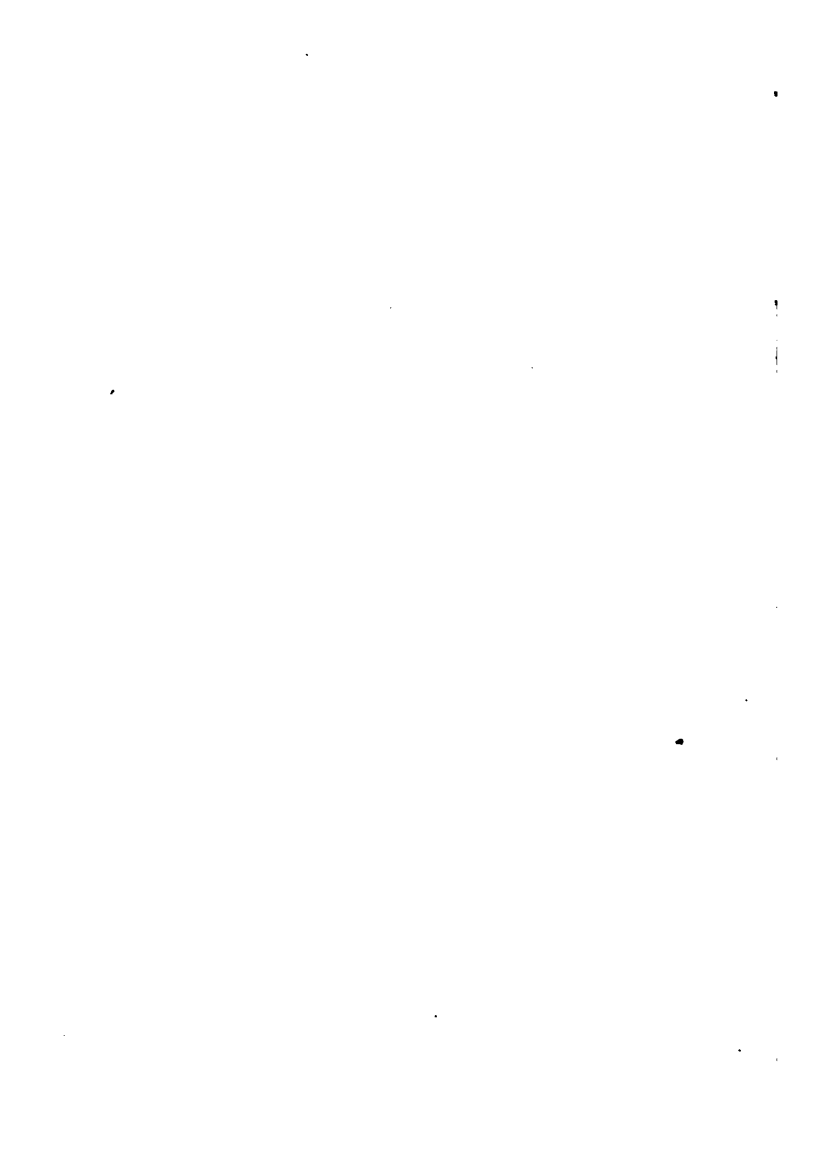
He had studied Latin two terms—that is, he had gone painfully through the paradigms of the grammar and the rules, which he had mastered, but had not gone into any reading book. He had gone through algebra, natural philosophy, and botany, and had collected a fine herbarium. He had also pursued other studies, including a term of Greek.

When young Garfield first went to Hiram, he had studied Latin Grammar so far that he understood the conjugations and declensions, but had not learned the construction of sentences. He had his option between entering a primary class and going over the work which he had already done, or of going into an advanced class, which would compel him at once to begin the translation of Cæsar's Gaul.

Quite naturally, he chose the more difficult task. But when he looked over the first lesson of translation about six lines, he realized for the first time what an unknown quantity the work of translation was. But he sat down to face this difficulty with that quiet, bull-dog tenacity and purpose which so often pulled him through. Immediately after supper he took a candle and his text-book and went up to the recitation room in an upper story, so as to wrestle alone with this new task. He had four room mates in the room which he occupied in the basement. Sitting down in front of a table with his Cæsar, he began his attack by getting from a glossary the signification of each word. But this did not solve the problem. So he wrote out each word on a separate piece of paper, and arranged and rearranged these slips very much as he might work any other puzzle. Finding that one signification would not answer, he wrote down all the various significations of each word, which, of course, increased his difficulties in something like a geometrical ratio. But he kept sullenly and determinedly at it, and worked away hour after hour without moving or looking away from his task, until, about midnight, it was accomplished. Then for the first time he came back to self-consciousness. He found that he did not know where he was or how he had come there. His candle was mak-

ing its last expiring flickers. But one by one, recollections of his home, of his journey to Orange, and of his coming to Hiram came back to him, and he then realized that he was a student at Hiram, and that he had conquered the most appalling task of his life.

**PRINCE PETER ALEXEIVITCH
KROPOTKIN (1842-)**



PRINCE PETER ALEXEIVITCH KROPOTKIN

THE PRISONER OF UNBROKEN SPIRIT

IN 1872 Prince Kropotkin, a Russian nobleman, embraced the philosophy of anarchy. Two years later he was betrayed, arrested, and imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Later he was removed to the military hospital of St. Petersburg, whence he escaped to England.

In the following selection Kropotkin presents a vivid picture of his prison life in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul:

*This was, then, the terrible fortress where so much of the true strength of Russia had perished during the last two centuries, and the very name which is uttered in St. Petersburg in a hushed voice.

Here Peter I tortured his son Alexis and killed him with his own hand; here the Princess Tarakanova was kept in a cell which filled with water during an inundation, the rats climbing

*From "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," copyright by the Houghton, Mifflin Company.

upon her to save themselves from drowning; here the terrible Minich tortured his enemies, and Catherine II buried alive those who objected to her having murdered her husband. And from the times of Peter I, for a hundred and seventy years, the annals of this mass of stone which rises from the Neva in front of the Winter Palace were annals of murder and torture, of men buried alive, condemned to a slow death, or driven to insanity in the loneliness of the dark and damp dungeons.

Here the Decembrists, who were the first to unfurl in Russia the banner of republican rule and the abolition of serfdom, underwent their first experiences of martyrdom, and traces of them may still be found in the Russian Bastille. Here were imprisoned the poets Ryleeff and Shevchenko, Dostoevsky, Bakunin, Chernyshevsky, Pisareff, and so many others of our best contemporary writers. Here Karakozoff was tortured and hanged.

Here, somewhere in the Alexis ravelin, is still kept Nechaieff, who was given to Russia by Switzerland as a common-law criminal, but is treated as a dangerous political prisoner, and will never again see the light. In the same ravelin are also two or three men whom, rumor says, Alexander II because of what they knew, and others must not know, about some palace mystery, ordered imprisoned for life. One of

them, adorned with a long gray beard, was lately seen by an acquaintance of mine in the mysterious fortress.

All these shadows rose before my imagination. But my thoughts fixed especially on Bakunin, who, though he had been shut up in an Austrian fortress, after 1848, for two years, chained to the wall, and then handed over to Nicholas I, who kept him in the fortress for six years longer, yet came out, when the Iron Tsar's death released him, fresher and fuller of vigor than his comrades who had remained at liberty. "He has lived it through," I said to myself, "and I must, too: I will *not* succumb here!"

My first movement was to approach the window, which was placed so high that I could hardly reach it with my lifted hand. It was a long, low opening, cut in a wall five feet thick, and protected by an iron grating and a double iron window frame. At a distance of a dozen yards from this window I saw the outer wall of the fortress, of immense thickness, on the top of which I could make out a gray sentry box. Only by looking upward could I perceive a bit of the sky.

I made a minute inspection of the room where I had now to spend no one could say how many years. From the position of the high chimney of the Mint I guessed that I was in the south-

western corner of the fortress, in a bastion overlooking the Neva. The building in which I was incarcerated, however, was not the bastion itself, but what is called in a fortification a *reduit*—that is, an inner two-storied pentagonal piece of masonry which rises a little higher than the walls of the bastion, and is meant to contain two tiers of guns. This room of mine was a casemate destined for a big gun, and the window was an embrasure. The rays of the sun could never penetrate it; even in summer they were lost in the thickness of the wall. The room held an iron bed, a small oak table, and an oak stool. The floor was covered with painted felt, and the walls with yellow paper. However, in order to deaden sounds, the paper was not put on the wall itself; it was pasted upon canvas, and behind the canvas I discovered a wire grating, back of which was a layer of felt; only beyond the felt could I reach the stone wall. At the inner side of the room there was a washstand, and a thick oak door in which I made out a locked opening for passing food through, and a little slit, protected by glass and by a shutter from the outside: this was the "Judas" through which the prisoner would be spied upon at every moment. The sentry who stood in the passage frequently lifted the shutter and looked inside, his boots squeaking as he crept toward the door. I tried to speak to him;

then the eye which I could see through the slit assumed an expression of terror and the shutter was immediately let down, only to be furtively opened a minute or two later; but I could not get a word of response from the sentry.

Absolute silence reigned all round. I dragged my stool to the window and looked upon the little bit of sky that I could see; I tried to catch any sound from the Neva or from the town on the opposite side of the river, but I could not. This dead silence began to oppress me, and I tried to sing, softly at first, and louder and louder afterward.

"Have I then to say farewell to love forever?" I caught myself singing from my favorite opera, Glinka's "Ruslan and Ludmila."

"Sir, do not sing, please," a bass voice said through the food-window in my door.

"I *will* sing."

"You must not."

"I will sing, nevertheless."

Then came the governor, who tried to persuade me that I must not sing, as it would have to be reported to the commander of the fortress, and so on.

"But my throat will become blocked and my lungs become useless if I do not speak and cannot sing," I tried to argue.

"Better try to sing in a lower tone, more or

less to yourself," said the governor in a supplicatory manner.

But all this was useless. A few days later I had lost all desire to sing. I tried to do it on principle, but it was of no avail.

"The main thing," I said to myself, "is to preserve my physical vigor. I will not fall ill. Let me imagine myself compelled to spend a couple of years in a hut in the far north, during an arctic expedition. I will take plenty of exercise, practise gymnastics, and not let myself be broken down by my surroundings. Ten steps from one corner to the other is already something. If I repeat them one hundred and fifty times, I shall have walked one verst (two thirds of a mile). I determined to walk every day seven versts—about five miles: two versts in the morning, two before dinner, two after dinner, and one before going to sleep. If I put on the table ten cigarettes, and move one of them each time that I pass the table, I shall easily count the three hundred times that I must walk up and down. I must walk rapidly, but turn slowly in the corner to avoid becoming giddy, and turn each time a different way. Then, twice a day I shall practise gymnastics with my heavy stool." I lifted it by one leg, holding it at arm's length. I turned it like a wheel, and soon learned to throw it from one hand to the other, over my head, behind my

neck, and across my legs. A few hours after I had been brought into the prison the governor came to offer me some books, among them was an old acquaintance and friend of mine, the first volume of George Lewes's "Physiology," in a Russian translation; but the second volume, which I especially wanted to read again, was missing. I asked, of course, to have paper, pen, and ink, but was absolutely refused. Pen and ink are never allowed in the fortress, unless special permission is obtained from the emperor himself. I suffered very much from this forced inactivity, and began to compose in my imagination a series of novels for popular reading, taken from Russian history, something like Eugene Sue's "Mysteres du Peuple." I made up the plot, the descriptions, the dialogues, and tried to commit the whole to memory from the beginning to the end. One can easily imagine how exhausting such a work would have been if I had had to continue it for more than two or three months.

But my brother Alexander obtained pen and ink for me. One day I was asked to enter a four-wheeled cab, in company with the same speechless Georgian gendarme officer of whom I have spoken before. I was taken to the Third Section, where I was allowed an interview with my brother, in the presence of two gendarme officers.

My brother understood better than anybody else that inactivity would kill me, and had already made application to obtain for me permission to resume work. The Geographical Society wanted me to finish my book on the glacial period, and my brother turned the whole scientific world in St. Petersburg upside down to move it to support his application. The Academy of Sciences was interested in the matter; and finally, two or three months after my imprisonment, the governor entered my cell and announced to me that I was permitted by the emperor to complete my report to the Geographical Society, and that I should be allowed pen and ink for that purpose. "Till sunset only," he added. Sunset, at St. Petersburg, is at three in the afternoon in winter time; but that could not be helped. "Till sunset" were the words used by Alexander II when he granted the permission.

So I could work!

I could hardly express now the immensity of relief I then felt at being enabled to resume writing. I would have consented to live on nothing but bread and water, in the dampest of cellars, if only permitted to work.

My prison life now took on a more regular character. There was something immediate to live for. At nine in the morning I had already made the first three hundred paces

across my cell, and was waiting for my pencils and pens to be delivered to me. The work which I had prepared for the Geographical Society contained, besides a report of my explorations in Finland, a discussion of the bases upon which the glacial hypothesis ought to rest. Now, knowing that I had plenty of time before me, I decided to rewrite and enlarge that part of my work. The Academy of Sciences put its admirable library at my service, and a corner of my cell was soon filled up with books and maps, including the whole of the Swedish Geological Survey publications, a nearly complete collection of reports of all arctic travels, and whole sets of *Quarterly Journal* of the London Geological Society. My books grew in the fortress to the size of two large volumes. The first of them was printed by my brother and Polakoff (in the Geographical Society's Memoirs); while the second, not quite finished, remained in the hands of the Third Section when I ran away. The manuscript was found only in 1895, and given to the Russian Geographical Society, by whom it was forwarded to me in London.

At five in the afternoon—at three in the winter—as soon as the tiny lamp was brought in, my pencils and pens were taken away, and I had to stop work. Then I used to read, mostly books of history. Quite a library had been

formed in the fortress by the generations of political prisoners who had been confined there. I was allowed to add to the library a number of staple works of Russian history, and with the books which were brought to me by my relatives I was enabled to read almost every work and collection of acts and documents bearing on the Moscow period of the history of Russia. I relished, in reading, not only the Russian annals, especially the admirable annals of the democratic mediæval republic of Pskov—the best, perhaps, in Europe for the history of that type of mediæval cities—but all sorts of dry documents, and even the “Lives of the Saints,” which occasionally contain facts of the real life of the masses which cannot be found elsewhere. I also read during this time a great number of novels, and even arranged for myself a treat on Christmas Eve. My relatives managed to send me then the Christmas stories of Dickens and I spent the festival laughing and crying over those beautiful creations of the great novelist. . . .

The worst was the silence, as of the grave, which reigned about me. In vain I knocked on the walls and struck the floor with my foot, listening for the faintest sound in reply. None was to be heard. One month passed, then two, three, fifteen months, but there was no reply to my knocks. We were only six then, scattered

among thirty-six casemates, all my arrested comrades being kept in the Litovskiy Zamok prison. When the non-commissioned officer entered my cell to take me out for a walk, and I asked him, "What kind of weather have we? Does it rain?" he cast a furtive side glance at me, and without saying a word promptly retired behind the door, where a sentry and another non-commissioned officer kept watch upon him. The only living being from whom I could hear even a few words was the governor, who came to my cell every morning to say "good-morning" and ask whether I wanted to buy tobacco or paper. I tried to engage him in conversation; but he also cast furtive glances at the non-commissioned officers who stood in the half-opened door, as if to say, "You see, I am watched, too." Only the pigeons were not afraid to hold intercourse with me. Every morning and afternoon they came to my window to receive their food through the grating.

There were no sounds whatever except the squeak of the sentry's boots, the hardly perceptible noise of the shutter of the Judas, and the ringing of the bells on the fortress cathedral. They rang a "Lord save me" ("Gospodi pomilui") every quarter of an hour; the big bell struck slowly, with long intervals between successive strokes. A lugubrious canticle followed, chimed by the bells, which at every

sudden change of temperature went out of tune, making at such times a horrible cacophony which sounded like the ringing of bells at a burial. At the gloomy hour of midnight, the canticle, moreover, was followed by the discordant notes of a "God save the Tsar." The ringing lasted a full quarter of an hour; and no sooner had it come to an end than a new "Lord save me" announced to the sleepless prisoner that a quarter of an hour uselessly spent life had gone in the meantime, and that many quarters of an hour, and hours, and days, and months of the same vegetative life would pass, before keepers—or maybe death—would release him.

Every morning I was taken out for a half-hour's walk in the prison yard. This yard was a small pentagon with a narrow pavement round it, and a little building—the bath-house—in the middle. But I liked those walks. •

The need of new impressions is so great in prison that when I walked in our narrow yard I always kept my eyes fixed upon the high gilt spire of the fortress cathedral. This was the only thing in my surroundings which changed its aspect, and I liked to see it glittering like pure gold when the sun shone from a clear blue sky, or assuming a fairy aspect when a light bluish haze lay upon the town, or becoming steel gray when dark clouds obscured the sky.

During these walks I occasionally saw the daughter of the governor, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, as she came out from her father's apartment and had to walk a few steps in our yard in order to reach the entrance gate, the only issue from the building. She always hurried along, with her eyes cast down, as if she felt ashamed of being the daughter of a jailer. Her younger brother, on the contrary, a cadet whom I also saw once or twice in the yard, always looked straight in my face with such a frank expression of sympathy that I was struck with it, and even mentioned it to some one after my release. Four or five years later, when he was already an officer, he was exiled to Siberia. He had joined the revolutionary party, and must have helped, I suppose, to carry on correspondence with prisoners in the fortress.

Winter is gloomy at St. Petersburg for those who cannot be out in the brightly lighted streets. It was still gloomier, of course, in a casemate. But the dampness was even worse than darkness. The casemates are so damp that in order to drive away moisture they must be overheated, and I felt almost suffocated; but when at last I obtained my request, that the temperature should be kept lower than before, the outer wall became dripping with moisture, and the paper was as if a pail of

water had been poured upon it every day—the consequence being that I suffered a great deal from rheumatism.

With all that, I was cheerful, continuing to write and to draw maps in the darkness, sharpening my lead pencils with a broken piece of glass which I had managed to get hold of in the yard; I faithfully walked my five miles a day in the cell, and performed gymnastic feats with my oak stool.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
(1858-)



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE WEAKLING WHO BECAME STRONG

WHEN some one writes a book about *Rich Boys Who Became Famous*, Theodore Roosevelt will head the list. He is an excellent example of this very rare type.

*The boyhood of Theodore Roosevelt was beset with disadvantages such as few have had to overcome. It is true that he did not need to toil in the wilderness, as Washington did in his youth, or, like Lincoln, walk many miles to get a book to read. But struggles and privations of that kind are believed to have been the making of many of our foremost men.

Among all the youths born to wealth, Roosevelt alone has gained an important place in the history of our democracy. Shielded and pampered in youth, the average rich boy has no heart for the rude shock of manhood's battles, and learns with despair that there is no royal road to fame. "Theodore Roosevelt, a bright, precocious boy, aged twelve," the family phy-

*From "Theodore Roosevelt," by James Morgan. Macmillan, 1907.

sician wrote in his "case book," and then remarked to his partner: "He ought to make his mark but for the difficulty that he has a rich father."

Not only have all our foremost men been without rich fathers, but Roosevelt is the first city-born boy to reach the Presidency. All of his twenty-four predecessors were country or village lads, and grew up where life was simple and the paths of duty plain. But a boy born in a big city opens his eyes upon a world that is like a tangled network.

In the primeval wilderness a boy's work is cut out for him. There are trees to be felled, houses to be built, stumps to be pulled, and soil to be turned. In the wilderness of a great city, where the hand must seek its task, the boy too often is lost while trying to find the things that need to be done. Thus of all the hundreds of thousands of boys native to New York one may count on his fingers the few who have found the road to fame. The men who achieve most in the city have come from the country, as a rule, and were trained in the country.

Ill health, however, was the first and greatest of all of Roosevelt's disadvantages. "When a boy," he has said, "I was pig-chested and asthmatic." From earliest infancy he was called to battle with asthma. It lowered his

vitality and threatened his growth. This was the longest and hardest of his fights. No encounter of his Rough Rider campaign, nor wrestle with the Senate or the trusts or the bosses, has been equal to that conflict in his childhood with the grim enemy of health. But faith and will are his chief support in every contest he enters, and they sustained him then. His body was frail, but within was the conquering spirit. He determined to be strong like other boys.

In this he had the loving help of gentle parents. On the wide back porch of their Twentieth Street home they fitted up a gymnasium, where he strove for bodily vigor with all his might. It is among the fond recollections of his family that, although at the start his pole climbing was very poor, he kept trying until he got to the top. He would carry his gymnastic exercises to the perilous verge of the window ledge, more to the alarm of the neighbors than of his own family. "If the Lord hadn't taken care of Theodore," his mother would say, "he would have been killed long ago."

In the Roosevelt home the simple life reigned always. But the summer was the season of Theodore's delight. Then he ceased to be a city boy. At his father's country place "Tranquillity," some three miles from his present home at Oyster Bay, he learned to run and ride, row and swim. And when the long, sleep-

less nights came, the father would take his invalid boy in his arms, wrap him up warmly, and drive with him in the free open air through fifteen or twenty miles of darkness.

He had his father's love of the woods and the fields, and he studied and classified the birds of the neighborhood until he knew their songs and plumage and nests. He and his young friends could be relied on to find the spot where the violets bloomed the earliest, and the trees on which the walnuts were most plentiful, as well as the pools where the minnows swarmed, and the favorite refuge of the coon.

"I never wanted to go to school," he has admitted. Yet he never was a stranger to books, which he read quickly but thoroughly. He did not believe in skipping the big words merely because they were hard. That seemed to him too like shirking. His sisters still smile at the recollection of one characteristic instance, when he was a very little chap in stiff white petticoats, with a curl on the top of his head. He was reading Dr. Livingstone's African travels, a ponderous volume of which he carried around the house in search of some one who would take the trouble to tell him what "foraging ants" were. At last he commanded attention and pointed out the term in the book which had aroused his curiosity. But it proved to be no new discovery in natural history. Dr. Living-

stone had only referred to the "foregoing ants."

Weakness so often interrupted his studies that he took no pleasure in the competition of the schoolroom, although the records of the public school, which he attended for a time, give him 97 in geography, 96 in history, and 98 in rhetoric. Even 86 in spelling is pretty good for a spelling reformer. It is remembered by his teachers that he was strong in composition and declamation and that he had uncommon skill in map-making. His schooling, however, was necessarily irregular, and he was prepared for college by private instruction.

He was taken to Europe in 1869 in the hope that it would benefit his health. "A tall, thin lad with bright eyes and legs like pipe-stems," is the memory picture drawn by one who was a playmate of his on the ship. Again, in 1873, he crossed the seas and went to Algiers, for his weakened lungs were giving his family some concern, and the warm African air was sought as a balm for them. By President Grant's appointment, his father was the American Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition in that year, and Theodore, with his brother Elliott and sister Corinne, now Mrs. Douglas Robinson, were brought from Algiers to Dresden, in Germany, where they were placed in the home of a tutor.

This tutor interested Theodore because he was an old revolutionist of '48 and had suffered in prison for German liberty. He was, moreover, a member of the German Parliament, or Reichstag, in 1873. It is recalled in this family that their young American guest was an eager and enterprising student, but not a brilliant scholar. Nevertheless, one member of the household has lived to vow that she predicted then that he would be President of the United States. "He seemed to pick up things, one did not know how." He delighted in the German classics and he laid the foundation for speaking German well, although his asthma, while in Dresden, made uninterrupted conversation by him very difficult.

He took drawing lessons, and showed an unusual interest in natural history. When the Roosevelts were leaving Dresden for Switzerland, it was found that Theodore's trunk was so filled with the stones he had collected that he had discarded some of his clothing. His mother thought it better to leave the stones than the clothes, but as fast as she threw them out of the trunk, the young disciple of nature picked them up and put as many of them as he could in his pockets.

Dresden has always remained a happy memory to Mr. Roosevelt, and just before entering Harvard he wrote to his old friends in Germany:

"I shall not go into business until I have passed through college, which will not be for four years. What business I shall enter then I do not know." He did not need to cross that bridge until he came to it.

He had won the battle of his boyhood. He had vanquished the enemy and was ready to play a man's part in life. "I made my health what it is," he has said. "I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so. By the time I entered Harvard I was able to take part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred, and I ran a great deal, and, although I never came in first, I got more out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself."

At Harvard, where he was a member of the class of '80, Theodore Roosevelt was neither a "grind" nor a trifle. His name and his means—two things that count for a good deal in Cambridge—gave him a chance to splurge. But his boyhood struggle had given him simple tastes, and he could not be a snob, because he had been brought up to respect the feelings of others.

While he did not by any means make himself a stranger to the homes in Cambridge and in Boston, which were cordially open to him, his chief interests were a part from formal

society. He welcomed the chance to meet his fellows in the friendly rivalry of vigorous sports, and to put to the test the strength and skill he had acquired on his back-porch gymnasium at home. To develop the muscles of his legs, which were not yet the firm support that they were to be in his full maturity, he took to skipping the rope. Others caught the habit from him, and rope skipping passed into the fashion of the day. Wrestling was another of his hearty pastimes, and he pursued it as a science.

His boxing, however, is best remembered of all his sporting activities at Harvard. His delicate appearance amazed those who saw him make his first ventures with the gloves in the gymnasium. He weighed only one hundred and thirty pounds and was a very doubtful-looking entry in the light-weight class. Besides, he had to go into combat with a pair of big spectacles lashed to his head—a bad handicap—which put his eyesight in peril every time he boxed. To offset this disadvantage, he aimed to lead swiftly and heavily and thus put his opponent on the defensive from the start.

Not a few old Harvard men recall a characteristic instance of Roosevelt's sportsman-like bearing. He was in the midst of a hot encounter when time was called. He promptly dropped his hands to his side, whereupon his antagonist dealt him a heavy blow squarely

on his nose. There was an instant cry of "Foul! foul!" from the sympathetic on-lookers, and a scene of noisy excitement followed. Above the uproar Roosevelt, his face covered with blood, was heard shouting at the top of his voice, as he ran toward the referee: "Stop! stop! he didn't hear! he didn't hear!" Then he shook the hand of the other youth warmly, and the emotion of the little crowd changed from scorn of his opponent to admiration of him.

He may never have come in first, as he has said, but he was always so ready, even to meet the class champion himself, and took the knocks in such good part that he never was second in the regard of those who delighted in pluck. Moreover, he did not go in to win so much as to get out of the game all the fun and exercise he could. Sport for sport's sake was his standard. He did not adopt baseball, football, or any form of teamwork or spectacular display. He was spared, therefore, the fate of too many athletes, who let their play become the serious business of their college days, and whose false point of view works them a lifelong injury by stunting their minds and warping their characters.

Nothing better shows the even balance which Roosevelt kept than that, while he was active in the gymnasium, he was also active in the

Sunday-school. He had joined the old church of his fathers, the Dutch Reformed, in New York, before going to Harvard. There being no church of his denomination in Cambridge, however, he took a class in an Episcopal Sunday-school.

He had learned the spirit of service from his father. He must not live unto himself alone; he must feel he was doing something for others. He got along famously with his boys. When one of them came into the class with a black eye, the teacher questioned him earnestly about it. The boy explained, with manifest truthfulness, that his sister had been pinched by a boy who sat beside her. He had told the offender to stop, and he would not stop, whereupon the gallant brother had fought for her.

"You did perfectly right," said Roosevelt, the muscular Christian, and he gave him a dollar as a poultice for the black eye. The class hailed this as a fine example of justice, and drew nearer than before to their teacher, for there is no way to get a firmer grip on a boy's heart than by taking his part in battle. Some of the grave elders of the parish, however, hearing of the matter, were much displeased. In the end, Roosevelt left this field of labor and found a class in another Sunday-school.

Another remembered incident of his Cambridge life shows how well he had gained that

readiness to act in any situation, which is one of his marked traits at all times. A horse in a stable adjoining his lodgings aroused the neighborhood in the dead of night by a noise that indicated it was in sore trouble. Half a dozen men got up and dressed and went to the rescue, only to find, when they reached the stable, that Roosevelt was already on the scene and doing the needed thing to relieve the poor beast. For he had not stopped to dress nor even take time to walk downstairs. He had gone to the rescue out of a second-story back window, and climbed down a piazza post in his night-clothes.

Just before entering Harvard Roosevelt, on the advice of two of his cousins, took a step which had a lasting influence on his life. They sent him down in Maine to their old guide, Bill Sewall, of Island Falls. With this born woodsman he learned to know and love the wilderness. There he developed tastes which later led him out into the Wild West, to be a ranchman, a hunter, and finally the organizer of the Rough Riders, things which have done so much to shape his fortunes. Besides, he made a life-long friend of Bill Sewall, as true a one as he can count among all his friendships. . . .

In his days with the Sewalls he did not go for big game, and "he never could keep still long enough to fish." He shot his first deer while

in the Adirondacks, and in Maine he was content to roam the primeval forest, sleep with Bill in his hunting hut, and bag enough birds for their meals. His guide had been appealed to by Theodore's cousins to watch that he did not try to do more than his strength warranted. But "he wouldn't let any one else lug his gun," Bill said, "or help him out in any way. He never shirked his share of anything, no matter how played out he might be. The boy was grit clear through."

Again and again he would return to his good friends in the woods for a vacation from college studies. Once at least he went only in time to save himself from a physical breakdown. Always he found abundant healing in the midst of nature, and each time he brought himself nearer to his constant goal, a vigorous body.

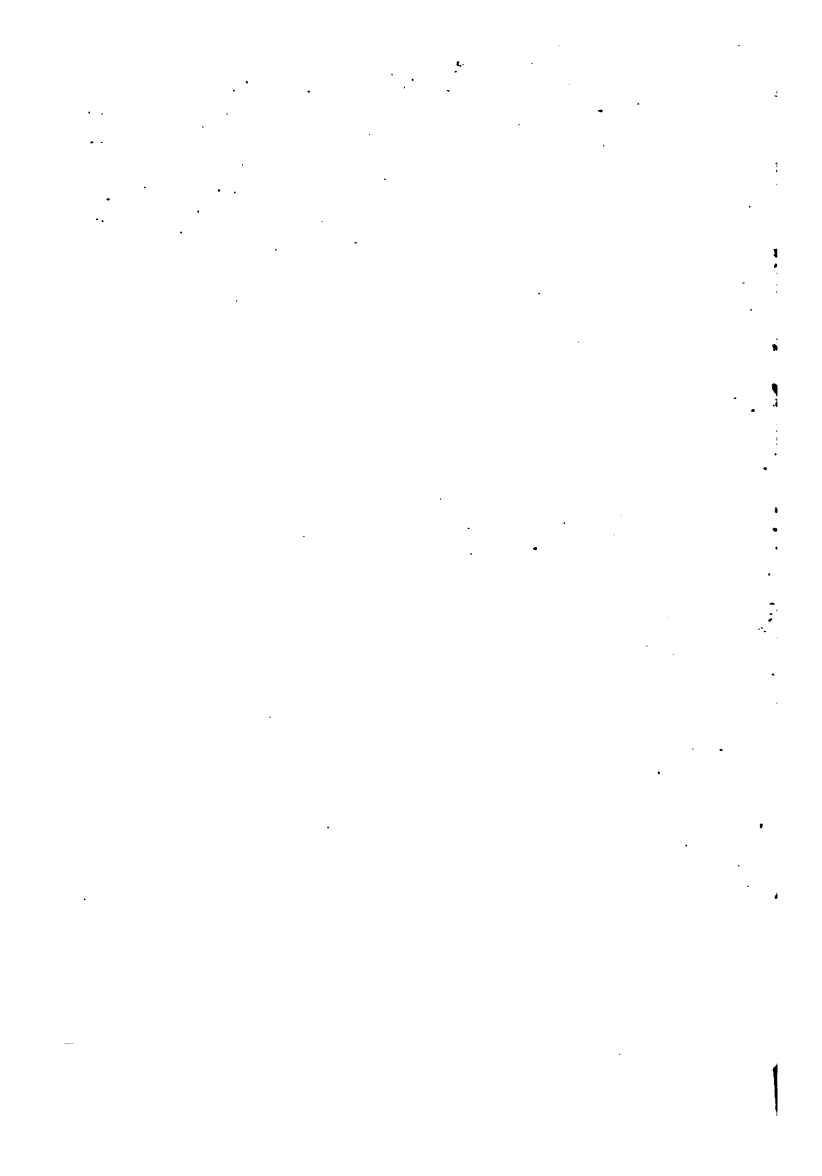
When he graduated from Harvard, he stood twenty-second in his class, which, by the way, was about the same as Grant's rank at West Point. He won few academic honors. No commencement part fell to him, and the only mention he received was in natural history.

In spite of the interruptions in his attendance at college, however, he had gained that first quality of success: the power to concentrate his interest and attention on the subject in hand. Often he would drop into the crowded room of a fellow-student for a visit, but, chanc-

ing upon a book that appealed to his attention, he would sit absorbed in it, without noticing what might be going on around him. Sometimes his entire call would pass in this way, and, closing the book, he would hurry off, with an apology to the fellows. They all set him down as more or less crazy, on this account, as well as on account of his various enthusiasms, which embraced several subjects, ranging from Elizabethan poetry to his rash impulses to run off on tiger hunts in India. Nevertheless, all respected his earnest, if somewhat irregular, devotion to scholarship.

["The rest is history."]

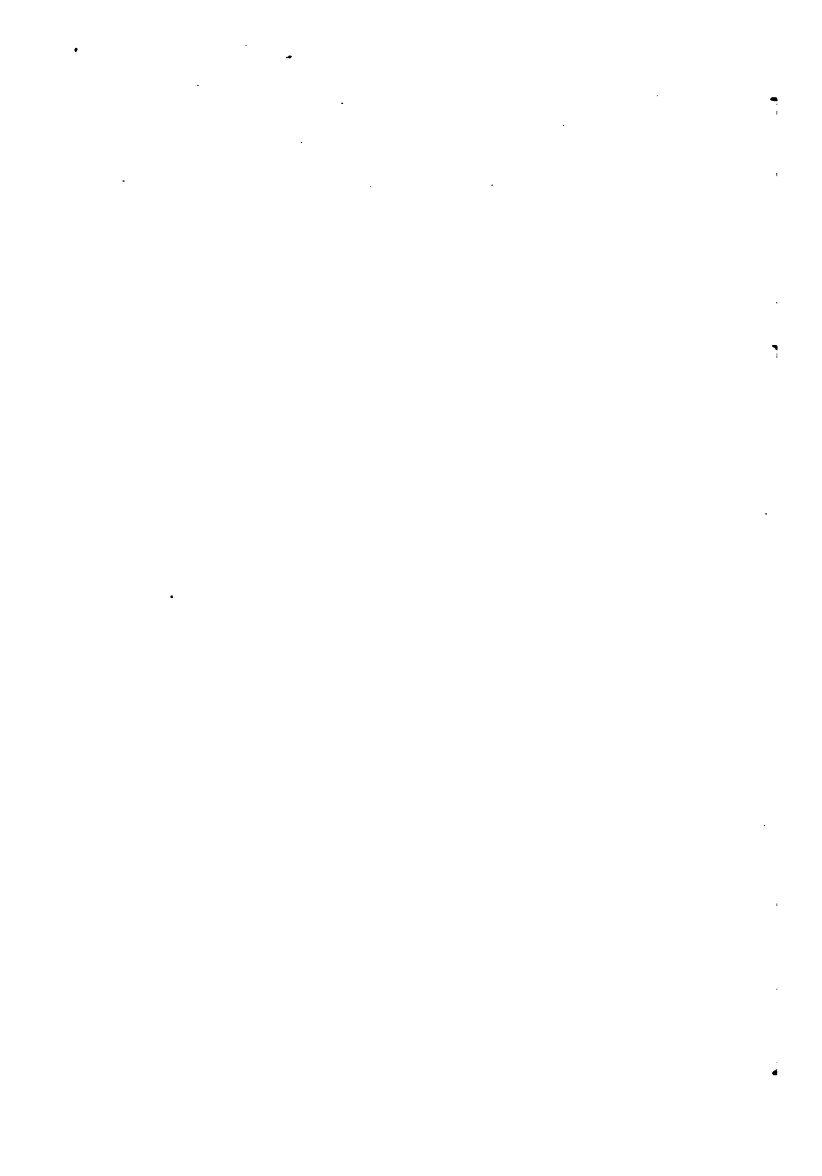
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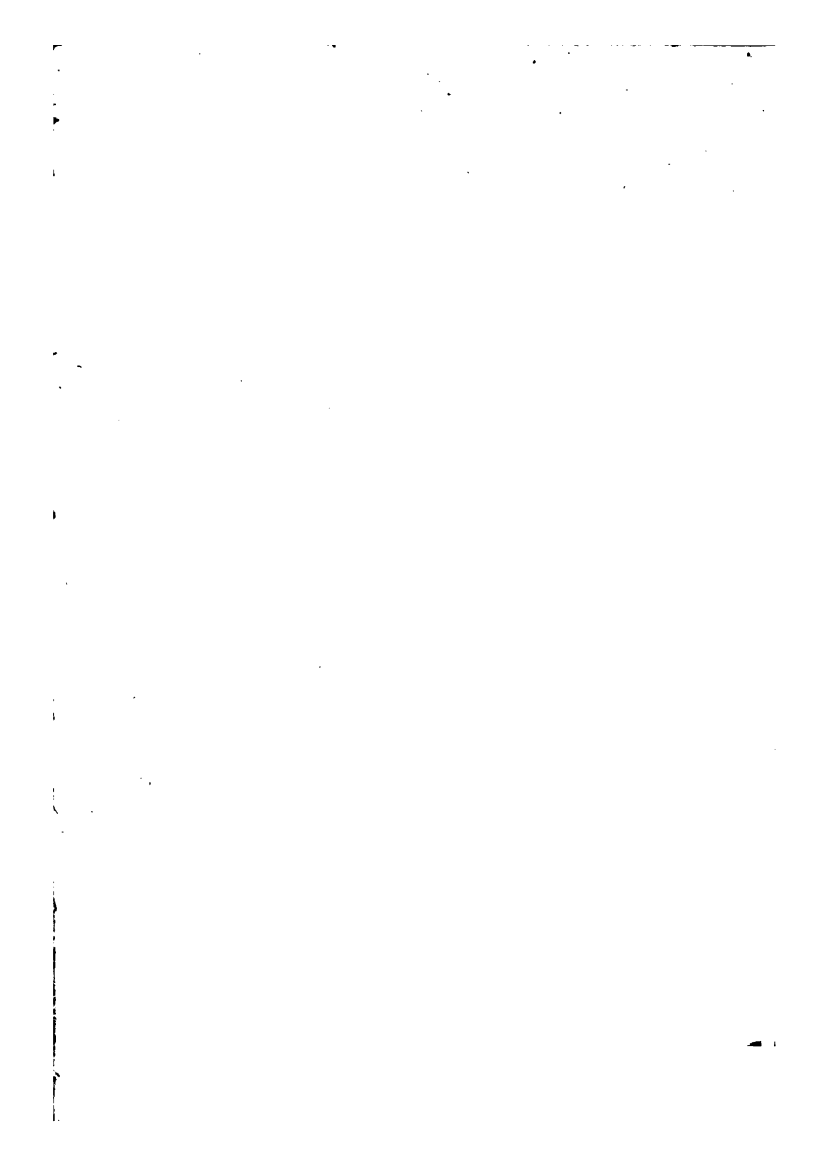




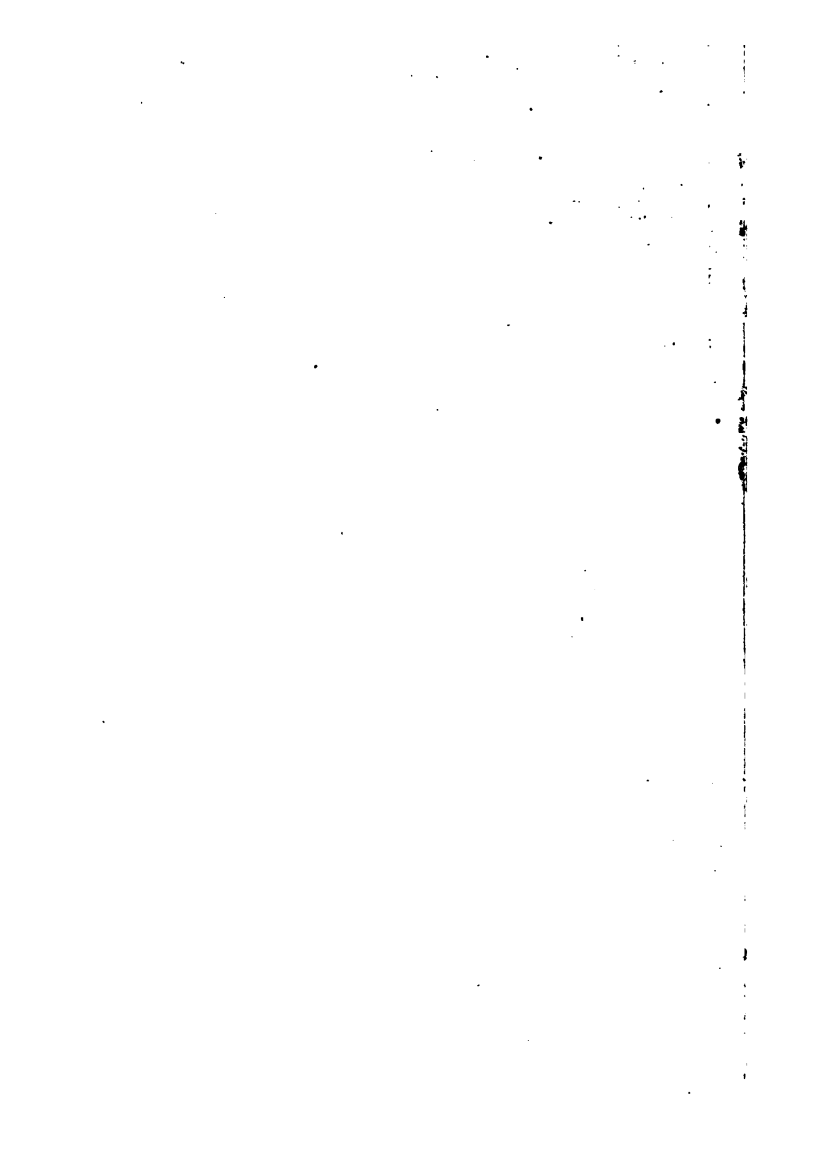
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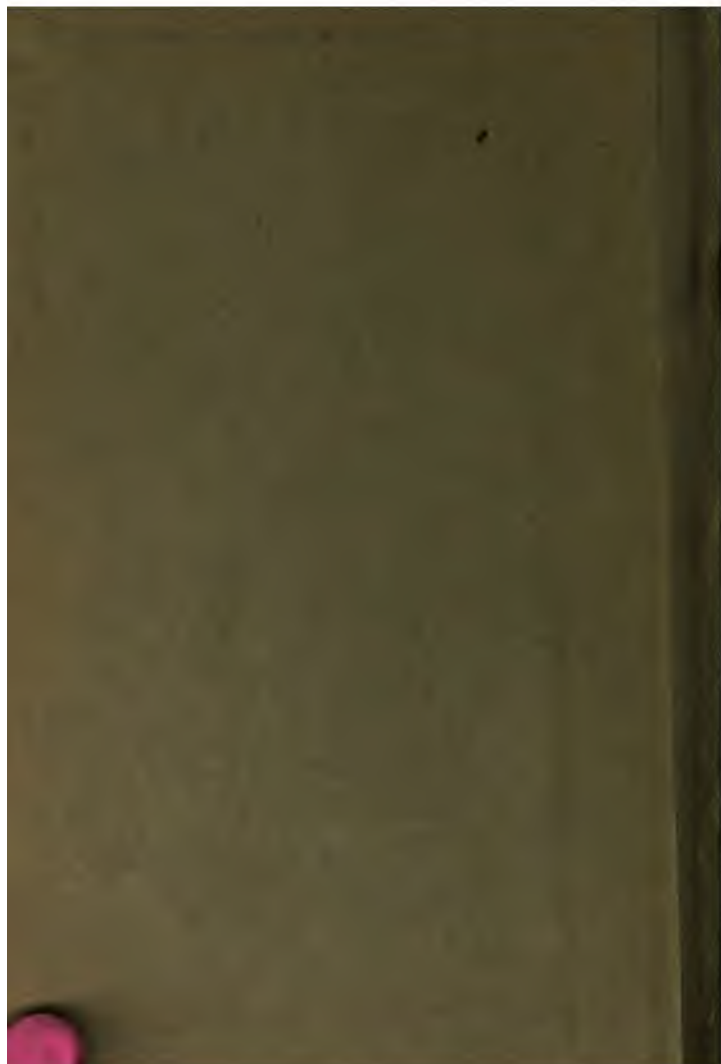




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